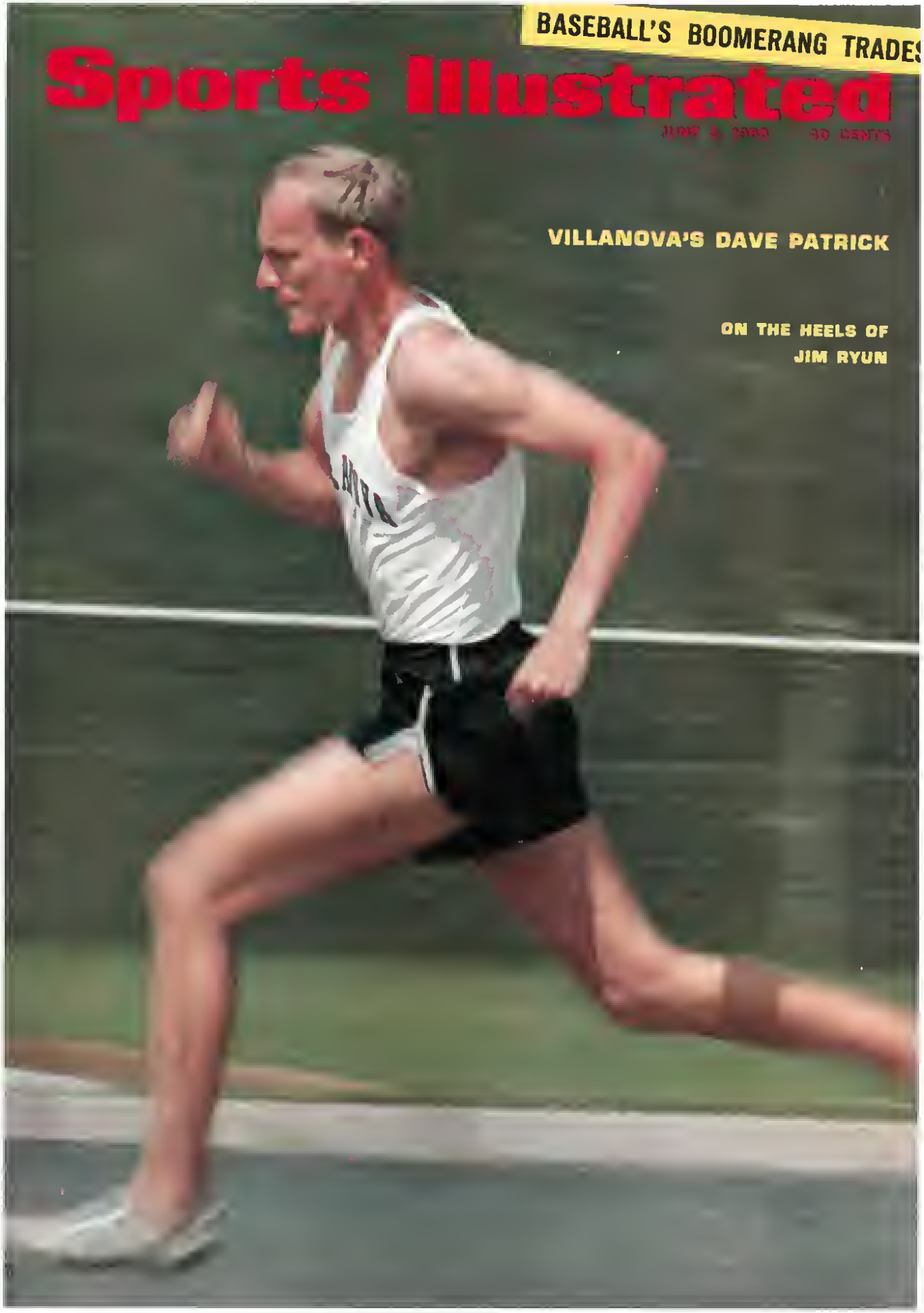

BASEBALL'S BOOMERANG TRADES
Sports Illustrated
VILLANOVA'S DAVE PATRICK
ON THE HEELS OF
JIM RYUN



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NEW YORK LIFE

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The new Solid State Schick Retractable

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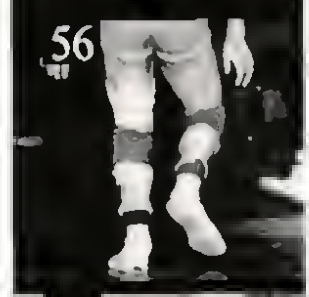


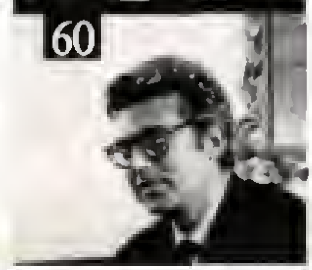












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Credits on page 78

Next week

TED WILLIAMS, baseball's last 400 hitter and one of its most controversial personalities, breaks a lifelong silence about his career and begins his own story, *Hitting Was My Life*.

THE U.S. OPEN returns to Oak Hill in Rochester. Dan Jenkins recounts the bizarre events that happened at Oak Hills' last Open, while Jack Nicklaus analyzes the course.

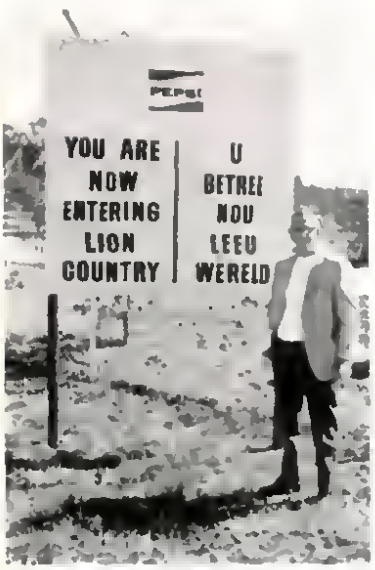
THE INDY 500 pits jet-age turbine-powered racing cars against piston racers for a $750,000 purse. A report on the event by Bob Ottum, illustrated with color photographs.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When the Olympic Games dispute came to a head this spring, Tex Maule filed a story for us from Lausanne, Switzerland (SI, April 29) on the International Olympic Committee's controversial decision to reverse itself and once again ban South Africa. Then, amid postdecision furor and comment on the decision, much of it uninformed and emotional, Tex made his way south from Lausanne 8,000 miles to Johannesburg, South Africa to learn for himself the conditions that prevailed. His unique and perceptive report begins on page 60.

Despite the touchy nature of his assignment, Maule was treated with hospitality "I thought," he says, "that



UNMAULED MAULE

after Lausanne the attitude of the white South Africans would be to hell with everyone. But they were very friendly."

One of the few real difficulties with the assignment, in fact, was simply obtaining a visa. But once inside the country Maule had no problem at all Over the years Tex has had some notable battles with track-and-field officials in places like Moscow and Madison Square Garden, but at the South African national championships he needed no special credentials at all. There was a standing-room-only crowd of 7,000 in the small stadium at Potchefstroom, but the main gate was manned by a young boy selling tickets at a table. He quickly passed Maule on inside when he learned that Tex was a journalist come to cover the meet. At the "press box" (another table at the edge of the track) Maule was given a small white card which said "Photographer" in Afrikaans and English, and he was able to wander freely about the infield, talking to whomever he chose His visit to the nonwhite championships was just as smooth. He had full access to the athletes, and no one monitored his interviews.

Away from the tracks, things were not always so relaxing. In fact, Maule's assignment could well have ended abruptly in a lion park, outside Johannesburg. He and Photographer Gerry Cranham were driving through the park when Cranham spotted a lion sleeping under a tree. Gerry thought it would be a great idea to get a picture of Tex in close proximity to a real live king of the jungle. Somewhat hesitantly, Maule climbed out of the car and had sidled to within 20 yards or so of the sleeping beast when Cranham shouted at the lion to get him to look up. "I wanted some life in the scene," he explained later. The lion looked up, all right, and so did half a dozen others in the immediate vicinity. So did a contingent of alarmed guards, who raced over and ordered Maule back into the car. "These aren't pussycats, you know," shouted one. "They're *lions*, and they could eat you up. I couldn't care less if one did make a meal of you, except that if he did I'd lose my job."

Maule says, "I learned later that there was another park nearby that kept rhinos. I'm glad Cranham didn't find out about that, because if he had he probably would have had me go over and ride one."

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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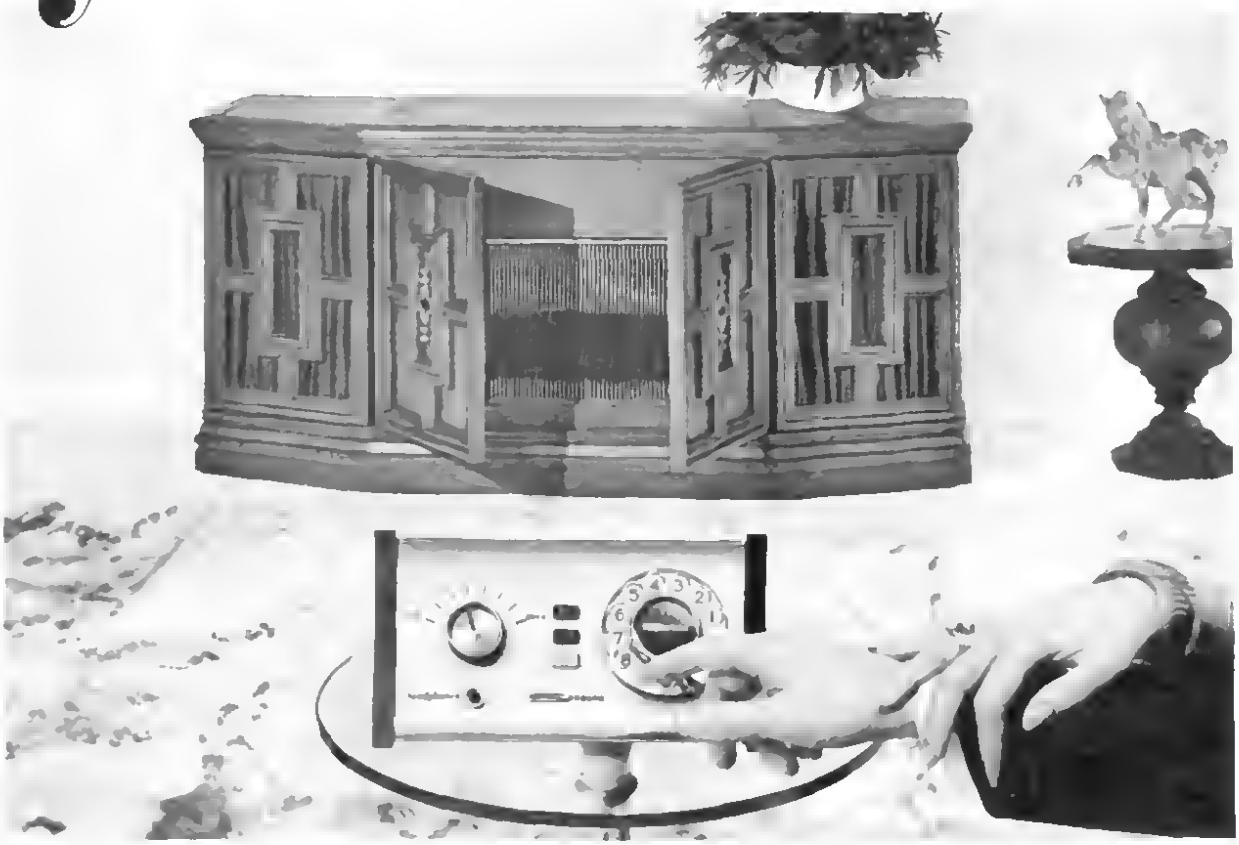
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SCORECARD

ANOTNER ROAD PICTURE

In a whole world chock-full of negotiations and demands, nobody is demanding or negotiating better than the professional golfers. The pros have informed potential sponsors that soon the summer tour will come to Your Town, U.S.A. for no less than $200,000. Why not? Jack Tuthill, PGA tournament director, says the golfers have received at least a dozen firm offers from potential sponsors, each one with $200,000 burning a hole in his pocket. The pressure is on faithful old family retainers like Hartford and St. Paul to match scratch.

It is not just money, either, that the golfers can command. The Lucky Open in San Francisco was voted out of the tour till funds were provided to build a $400,000 clubhouse. Lucky came back on the schedule. Now the pros unequivocally refuse to play the Spyglass Hill course, so cancellation of the Bing Crosby Pro-Am is seriously threatened. Larry Crosby, who manages the event, is already considering turning it into an all-amateur celebrity affair.

The pros might keep in mind, however, that the Crosby, with its far-reaching special appeal, draws the attention of many people to golf who are otherwise under the impression that the Masters is a cigar. And who knows? Because the Crosby is unique and generates such widespread general attention, maybe it encourages some people to raise $200,000 for a tournament in July.

BAN THE BEAN

Legislators think they need to legislate as much as pitchers think they need to brush back batters, so Dominic Leone, City Councilman of Baltimore, has just pitched a beaut of a law into the Baltimore hopper. He wants the City Council to approve an ordinance that would result in the indictment of any pitcher who hits a batter above the shoulders.

In a preamble to his proposed law, Leone says he is shocked at the "rash of beanball warfare now prevailing in major leagues," and he feels that organized baseball condones "such callous and vicious conduct." Hitting someone with a baseball, according to Leone, is a common-law offense of assault and battery. His law proposes to punish it in professional games only by a fine not exceeding $500 and/or imprisonment up to 12 months. Intent is not at issue. Bean 'em and off to court you go. Leone does not say whether a paddy wagon will be stationed at each ball park. Nor has he decided whether a pitcher who hits a batter should be arrested at once or allowed to finish the game.

We deplore intent to maim, but we doubt whether our overcrowded courts should be asked to handle the problem. Besides, with appeals it might take years to settle a pennant race.

INVOLVEMENT

Ted Nash, 34, is the freshman crew coach at the University of Pennsylvania. As an athlete, he won a gold medal rowing in the 1960 Olympics, as a man in a world that too often prefers to look the other way, he has recorded even greater achievements. Once, in Maine, a swimmer suffered a heart attack while, simultaneously, a nearby outboard flipped over and dumped a family of five in the lake. Nash first saved the swimmer and then swam off again to rescue the entire family, some of whose legs had been chopped by propellers. Another day he left his coaching launch and dashed to help a woman trapped in her car by an accident.

Last week Ted Nash leaped into the chilly Schuylkill River when he saw a man jump off the Market Street bridge. Nash went under at least 25 times, searching unsuccessfully for the man. Six hours later he still had not bothered to phone his wife about the incident. He wanted to speak only of a brave helicopter pilot, Paul Zill, who maneuvered his craft low between two bridges to check on Nash's own safety. "You must remember," Nash said, "it was a failure. I didn't find the man. It was a total failure."

Did he think of his wife and two young boys when he was diving down one more time? "What if I were one of those terribly unfortunate people who didn't help?" Ted Nash said. "What would my family think of me then?"

ANY CAGE IN A STORM

The strait between Townsville and Magnetic Island in north Queensland, Australia is 5½ miles across and populatedby a quorum of marine menaces: sea stingers, stonefish, sea wasps, sea lice, sea snakes, giant devil rays and at least 30 kinds of shark. To further complicate matters, the strait is swept by southeast trade winds, by two major crosseurrents, by cyclones and, since 1924, by humans swimming across it in protective cages. Obviously, these cages may be called strait jackets.

The first one was a crude wire-and-wood affair. The cages now are constructed of such items as steel and polyurethane foam, but the sea lice still



get through to sting the swimmer, who also is likely to suffer lacerations while thrashing about in the enclosure. Most of the cages are only about 2½ body lengths long. It is all a rather chilling medieval scene, smacking of the treadmill. Not only does the poor swimmer always appear to reach out in vain for the front of his cage, but the coach, who rides along, invariably lies to his charge. "You. bull 'em a bit, like say there's only one mile to go when there's two," one cheerful mentor reports."Otherwise, they'd never make it."

Nevertheless, there is no dearth of swimmers vying to be chosen for the

continued

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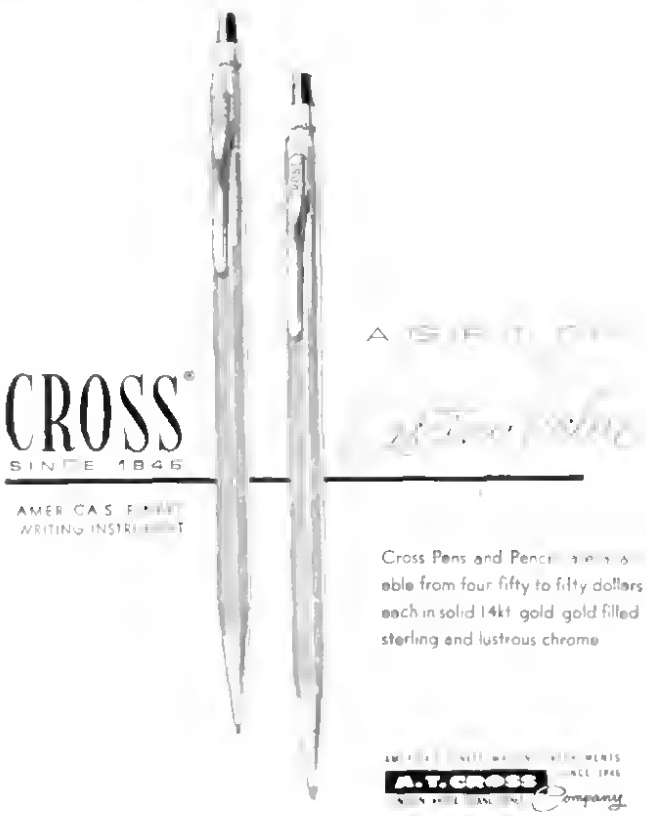
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six official cages that are allotted each May for what has become the annual race. This year one of the contestants chosen was a 14-year-old girl, Jocelyn Glen, and she set a new women's record at 2.09.03, but the overall winner was Rodney McLeod, who upset favored John Koorey. If Koorey had won the swim he had planned to go on next to the English Channel. Without the cage and sea visitors, that would seem like an amiable skinny dip by comparison.

OUR TOWN

AAU President David Matlin has confirmed the amazing report that the executive board will meet on July 27 to act on a resolution that the national headquarters be moved from New York City to, of all places, Las Vegas. The early line is 1 to 5 that the AAU will move, 7 to 2 that blackjack will not be named a sanctioned sport and 6 to 5 and pick 'em that nobody can possibly remain an amateur in Las Vegas.

RACING FORUM

In picking Proper Proof to win the California Derby, The Moth told readers of his racing selections. "Proper Proof is a colt that interests both The Moth and Jim Garrison, so put down your peace feeler and get to the track." As the only tout on a college newspaper, The Moth picks 'em for *The Daily Californian* at Berkeley. "The Moth," he writes for his audience in self-deprecation, "combines the credibility of L. B. J., the sagacity of General Hershey and the veracity of Chancellor Heyns." However much his fans care for his picks, they tab his column in clever hands, blinders off. Who is this masked moth?

Beneath the black beard and mustache, The Moth is revealed as a nearsighted law student named Les Harrison. Once, in dim light, he saw a huge moth on his wall and began swatting it. It was not a moth but a hole in the wall. But from the melee a new Moth was created. A poverty worker with Vista last summer and a good student who "handicaps my professors," The Moth mixes strong political and equine opinions.

A typical Mothian preamble to his selections goes this way: "What a wonderful world it would be if everyone went to the racetrack. What lovely lessons could be learned. Like what happens when we go to the track and lose and it's only the fourth race. We go home.

continued

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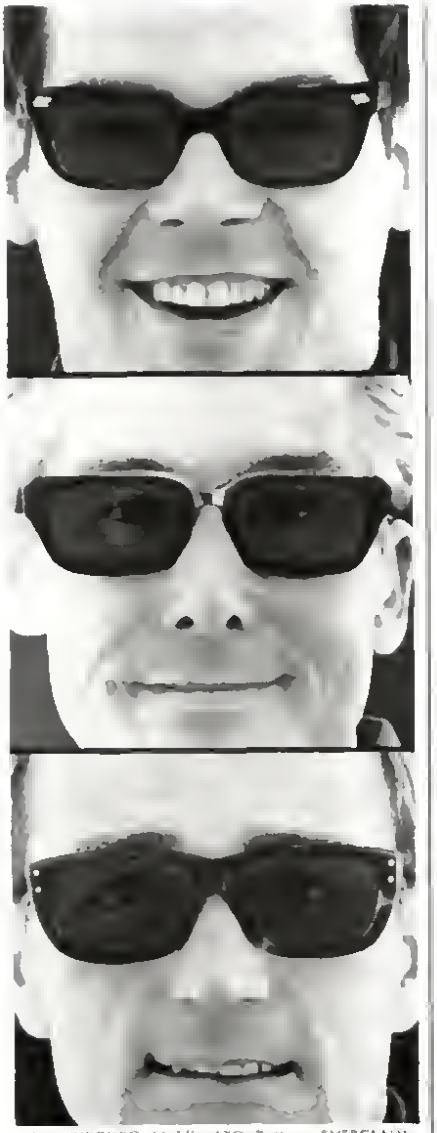
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SUNVOGUES

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY

. . . It seems that the benevolent autocraey that guides our nation has not gained the wisdom of the racetraek . Like when they run out of resources, the warm bodies of Negroes, Mexican-Amerieans and poor whites, they just dig a little deeper and send college grads and law students. Anyway, Moth has one more year of grace before leaving Golden Gate Fields for Vaneouver Downs, so let's look at the races." Presumably, The Moth forgoes touting any entry that runs with a saddleeloth marked 1-A.

O SAY! CAN YOU SEE

A petition, signed by more than 120 Southeastern Conference track team members from all 10 schools, has been presented to SEC Commissioner Tonto Coleman. Very simply, the statement declares that the athletes will no longer compete at any event where the American flag is not flown. The ultimatum is in special reference to the SEC indoor meet that is held annually at Montgomery, Ala., the original Confederate capitol, where often only the Stars and Bars have been displayed.

Prime movers of the petition were Tennessee's star athlete Richmond Flowers, whose home town is Montgomery, and Jim Green, a Negro freshman at Kentucky. They were inspired to take action when they stood for the national anthem at this year's meet and suddenly realized "we didn't know where to look," as Flowers says "It gave us a strange feeling."

Commissioner Coleman expects no difficulty in having the Stars and Stripes also flown next time in Montgomery. If so, it would be a rather timely concession Alabama was welcomed baek to the Union exaetly 100 years ago this month.

THE BABY BULLS

The furor that recently arose during the San Isidro Fair in Madrid when a matador named Miguelin leaped into the bullring in his street clothes and easually stroked the warm nose of a supposedly ferocious bull named Ventilador, goes far beyond a conflict of personalities.

Miguelin's "rudeness," for which he got a night in jail, was at first thought merely an attempt to humiliate his more successful rival, El Cordobés, the popular hero of the *corrida* who was about to ventilate Ventilador when the inter-

continued

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ruption occurred. It was that, all right, but it had a more important purpose: to demonstrate the amability of the animals which have helped Cordobés attain his reputation for bravery.

The ploy succeeded beyond Miguelín's hopes—it sent all of Spain into an absolute dither. For the first time it brought into the open serious questions concerning the quality of modern fighting bulls. Lay aficionados finally were ready to join critics in saying they sure don't make 'em like they used to.

In an article in this magazine last summer (SI, July 24), Rutgers Professor John McCormick, a noted American bullfight authority, stated the issue directly. "The entire art is in danger of disappearance for lack of the essential animal." Many of the toros today are really *novillos*, 3-year-olds fattened on enriched feeds, who are known quite aptly as "apparent" bulls. However imposing they may appear, they are actually indolent, buckling in their own baby fat. They make one charge and then are content to watch the matador carry on about them with crowd-pleasing histrionics.

Bullfighters' scouts search the land for "comfortable" foes. El Cordobés has angered other *toreros*, Miguelín prominently among them, not only because he has received excessive publicity, but because he has a lock on just about all the chubby little bulls.

The art obviously is in more danger than are some matadors.

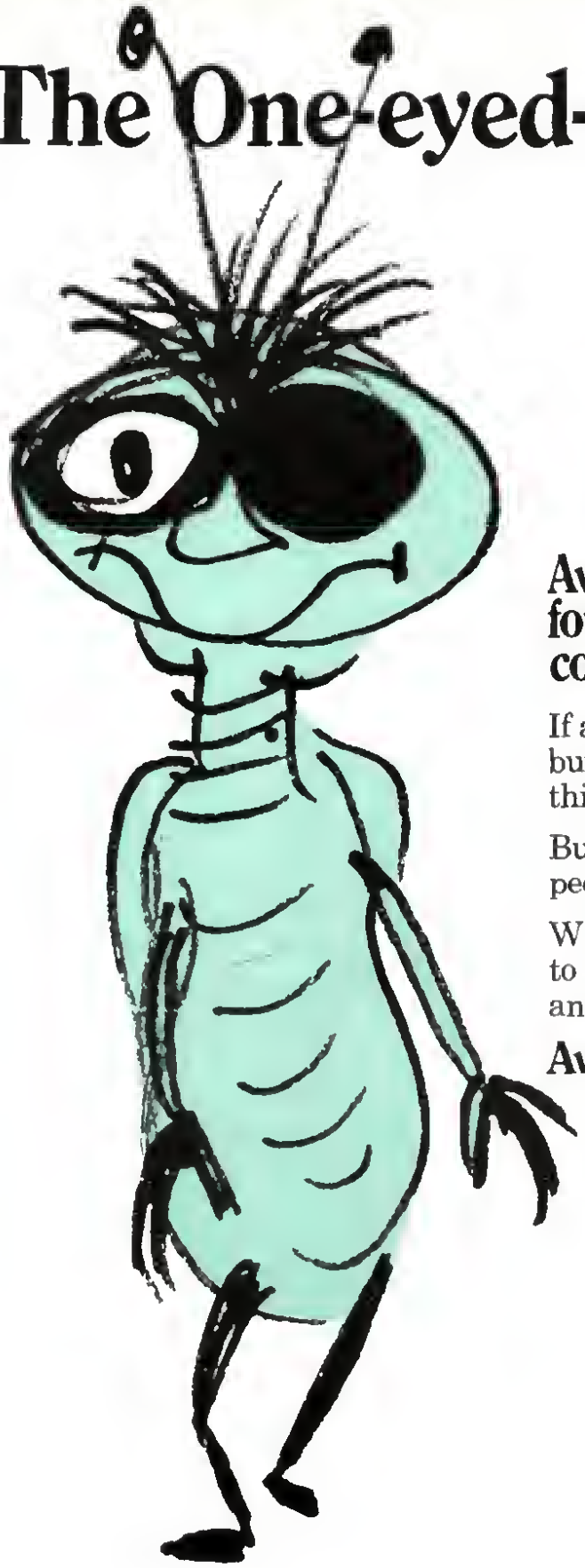
THEY SAID IT

• Pie Traynor, Pittsburgh third baseman and Hall of Famer, on low-scoring baseball games: "The ball is dead. There is no doubt of it. I seen it happen in the past. It goes in cycles—dead ball, live ball. This one is dead. You can even hear it. The crack of the bat sounds dead."

• Phil Roof, Oakland A's catcher, on the same subject: "Pitchers are smarter and stronger, and the slider has made them more effective. Batters don't work at hitting enough. Guys who are naturally line-drive hitters try for home runs. Some umpires are making the strike zone larger."

• Jim Parker, ex-Baltimore Colt tackle, on why he has no plans to unretire: "The other day a guy stole a bottle of whiskey in my place and ran out the door. I chased him for three blocks, but then my legs just gave out." **END**

The One-eyed-car Bug.



Avis has to watch out for this one. He only comes out at night.

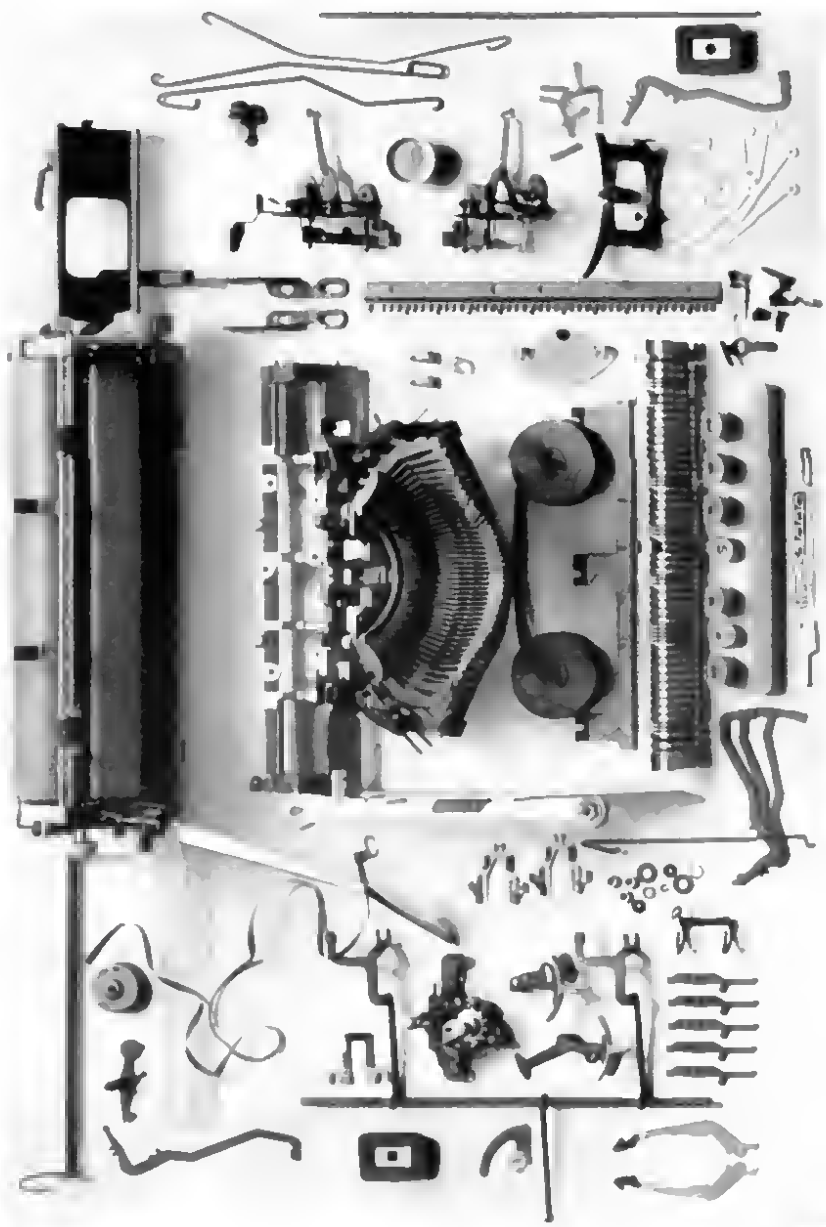
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Write us for the name of the Hermes man near you. (There are 1400 dealers throughout the country. Or if you prefer, find him in the Yellow Pages.)

Then go and see which one of the Hermes 3000's 12 type styles suits you. Witness its Flying Margins® and its carrying case that's just a top that locks to the base. Toy with the idea of getting a 13" carriage instead of the standard 10. Let the typewriter nut in you out.

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The Faultless comes closer to the pin.

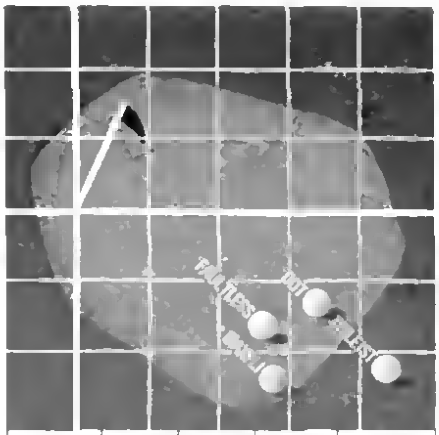
The over-all performance of the '68 Faultless is proven virtually day after day in a continuing series of carefully controlled tests. Certified tests.

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TITLEIST	206 yds.	195 yds	201 6 yds	24 2 ft.
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TEST CONDITIONS. Variable 2-14 mph following wind. 12 new balls hit of each brand. Each ball hit exactly the same 325 rpm's on hitting machine. Flights measured from hitting machine to point of first touchdown.

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BEWARE

Torturing former teammates is a labor of love for baseball players. With ticket hustling and expansion causing more trades all the time, the revenge of the outcast is having an increasing effect on who finishes where in the pennant races

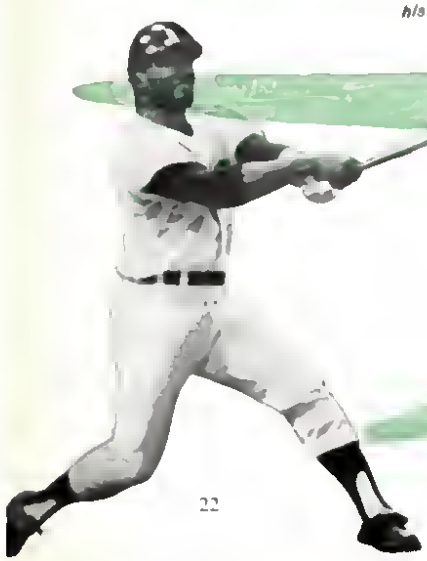
by WILLIAM LEGGETT



Gary Bell's ability to defeat the Indians was vital to Red Sox pennant.

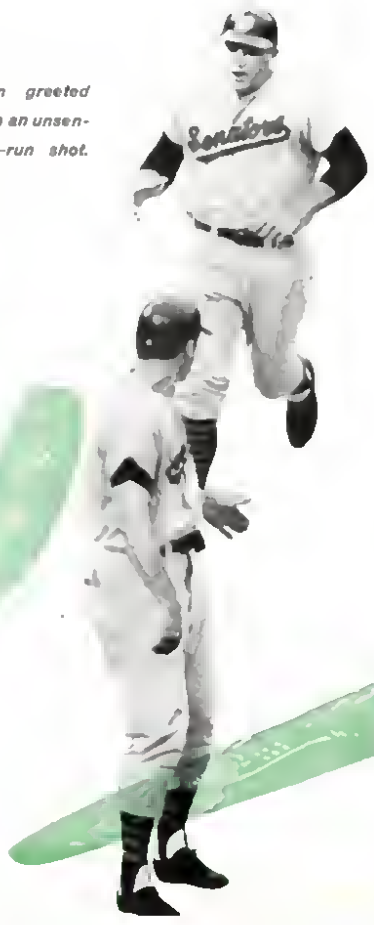


The Angels' Jim Fregosi hit for circuit against his old Boston buddies.



Earl Wilson, now a Tiger pitcher, even got an "I'll show them" grand slam.

Mike Epstein greeted Baltimore with an unsentimental four-run shot.



OF THE BOOMERANG!

The winter readings and writings of Jose Cardenal, a small, flashy centerfielder who is now with the Cleveland Indians, suggested that something dramatic would happen when he got a chance to play against the California Angels, the team from which he was traded last December. Before unloading Cardenal the Angels had made it obvious that they considered Jose about as comfortable to have on a team as two pebbles in one shoe. Jose, in turn, wrote a widely circulated letter that concluded, "If and in the event I am traded, I can only hope that I will be traded to a team which needs me and where I will be able to play regularly. For I am a baseball player, hence, my greatest desire is to play baseball." California, he felt, had not let him play baseball. Last Thursday evening, in his first appearance against the Angels in Anaheim Stadium, Cardenal illustrated perfectly what is one of baseball's most bizarre phenomena, one that might be called the boomerang effect, or the ritual of revenge, and one that will have a significant effect on this year's pennant race.

Before the game Cleveland Manager Alvin Dark enhanced the occasion somewhat by letting Cardenal make out the lineup card and deliver it to home plate. Jose inserted his own name fifth in the batting order, "because I'm not the best hitter on the club." Then Cardenal went to work on his old teammates. In four times at bat he had two singles, a double and a home run. When asked after the game if he held any resentment against the Angels or Manager Bill Rigney, Jose said, "I'm not mad at Rigney. But I don't speak to him and he doesn't speak to me. I should still be playing here!" And then, only 48 hours after Cardenal boomeranged against the Angels, Chuck Hinton, the man Jose was traded for, hit a three-run homer for California that beat Cleveland.

When one starts to study the boomerang effect it begins to seem that there is no limit to what baseball players will do to torture their old friends. Last Friday, for example, the Minnesota Twins got hit for the second time this season when Lee Stange, once a Twin, pitched Boston to a 9-7 win in relief and batted in the lead run. Six days earlier Don Mincher, a man vital to Minnesota's 1965 American League pennant, singled home the winning run for California at

continued

Orlando Cepeda cost the Giants dear and relishes mocking Herman Franks

Phil Regan, The Vulture is feasting on his one-time pals, the Dodgers

The Twins didn't need hitting, so Don Mincher hits them where it hurts



Minnesota, a base hit that must have caused Twin brass a little extra anguish.

Phil Regan, who won 14 games for the Los Angeles Dodgers two years ago and saved 17 others, has worked five times in pressure situations against Los Angeles since being traded to the Chicago Cubs only a month ago and all the Dodgers have managed is one earned run against him. And last week Jim Fregosi, a player picked up by California from the Boston Red Sox in the expansion draft of 1960, carried his bat to the plate for a game against the Red Sox. Fregosi had had only one hit in his last 20 at bats, but the team that sold him down the river stirred him up. He singled, doubled, tripled and homered to become the first man in the majors this season to hit for the cycle.

One reason that the personal zest of the traded player is becoming more of a factor in baseball is that general managers are moving players around faster these days than kids exchange bubblegum cards. Within the last four years 478 players have been traded, including Kings and Savages, Roofs, Locks and Johns; Nixons, Humphreys, Kennedys and Johnsons. Fundamentally, the reason for trading was always to help a team climb in the standings by strengthening a weak spot. But many franchises today trade to stimulate ticket sales or cover up the fact that either the minor leagues are not producing or that the manager cannot get certain problem players to perform up to their potential.

A few years ago the general manager of a major league team was held to be an infallible chap whose main function was speaking at Rotary Club luncheons, giving passes to the police chief and making sure a ground crew was hired that could draw a straight line 90 feet long. But the current increase in trading has made the general manager an open target and, with expansion imminent in baseball, the trading rate is going to climb even higher in the years immediately ahead. Few things can cause jeers to rise in the stands as quickly as the trade that backfires and, no matter how often the front office shuffles players, the human factors of desire and incentive are still the keys to baseball, and the records of traded players prove it.

Written inside Lou Brock's bright red St. Louis Cardinal cap is the word "hustle," but he never needs to look at it when he plays against the Chicago Cubs, the team that traded him in 1964. Entering this season, Brock had a very respectable lifetime batting average of .301 against the rest of the league, but against Chicago he has hit a stunning .396. Dick Howser, who was moved from the A's to Cleveland to the Yankees, shows an average of .242 against everybody but the A's. He hits .309 against them. Pedro Gonzalez, a second baseman traded by the Yankees to Cleveland, was barely a .230 hitter against the other eight teams in the American League when he was with the Indians. But whenever Cleveland faced New York he became a .320 Mighty Mouse. It cannot be said that when Bob Bailey joined the Los Angeles Dodgers from the Pirates last season he tore the league apart (.227), but he had a high time against Pittsburgh (.343).

Earl Wilson, the big right-handed pitcher who was traded from the Red Sox to the Tigers in the middle of the 1966 season, has a record of 6-1 against Boston since the Sox let him go. The first time he pitched against them he shut them out. Eight days later he held them to four hits while getting the first grand-slam homer of his career.

Boston's experience with Pitcher Gary Bell last season was equally bizarre. When Bell was with Cleveland the Red Sox beat him twice and he did not beat Boston. When he changed uniforms he beat Cleveland three times. The Red Sox, remember, won the pennant by only one game.

Curt Blefary of the Baltimore Orioles was once the property of the New York Yankees, and his play against them has been spectacular for the last four years. "I still feel the same way," he says. "I like to do extra well against the Yankees. I get more psyched up."

Most players will not admit publicly that they compete harder against their former teams. They offer instead that grand old platitude, "You try just as hard against every team." Poppycock. There have been too many cases of traded players returning to shake up the teams that had traded them, and sometimes under spectacular circumstances.

Mike Epstein, who has been sent to the minor leagues after all by Washington, will long be remembered for his first time at bat against the Baltimore Orioles in Baltimore. Angered because Oriole management wanted to ship him to the minors, Epstein refused to report and maintained that he was through with baseball. The Orioles finally traded him to the Senators, and late in June at Memorial Stadium he came to bat against Baltimore. Pitcher Bill Dillman had gotten the leadoff man out in the top of the first inning, then walked three in a row so that Epstein was at the plate with a chance to do something. He did, hitting the ball 420 feet into the right centerfield stands as a token of his affection.

Maury Wills, once the pride of Walter O'Malley's Los Angeles Dodgers, was traded to the Pirates before the start of last season. Wills is one of those players who is not afraid to say that, while he certainly held nothing against the Dodger players, he did have something to show Mr. O'Malley. The first time that the Pirates played the Dodgers in Forbes Field, Maury went 2 for 4 and stole a base. Two nights later he went 3 for 5 and started a rally that beat Los Angeles. He was saving his best, however, for Dodger Stadium. He arrived there after an uninspired series at San Francisco where he went 0 for 8. There were 35,000 in the stands and after the final out in the bottom of the first inning, having been given a thunderous ovation by the crowd, Maury came away from third base and started to trot into the Dodger dugout. "The whole thing had gotten to me," he says. "I was so high I guess I thought I was still a Dodger." Having gotten a hit earlier in the game and scored a run, Wills came to bat in the seventh inning with the score tied and promptly tripled to win it.

Although Tom Seaver, the bright young pitcher for the New York Mets, was never actually traded he knows what the incentive and desire factors mean in baseball. Seaver was originally signed illegally by the Atlanta Braves while still in college. Because they had broken the signing rule the Braves were disqualified in the bidding for Seaver, and three teams drew from a hat to see which would get him. The Mets won. On May 17 last year Seaver pitched against the Braves in Atlanta for the first time. While warming up in the bullpen he looked down at his shirt and read "New York" and stopped for a minute to stare over at the Atlanta pen. "I'm supposed to be there," he thought to himself. "That's the team that I was going to get to the big leagues with. They broke the rule and now I'm here. I'm going to have to show them something."

That day Seaver lost the game 4–3, though he got two doubles and a single in three times at bat, had two runs batted in and stole a base. He pitched against the Braves five more times last year and never lost to them. His earned run average against Atlanta is 2.09.

Five weeks ago one of the most damaging boomerang trades of recent seasons cut down the Houston Astros once again. The Astros had owned both Ken Johnson and Claude Raymond, but in 1965 they traded Johnson and his knuckleball to the Atlanta Braves, and last season they sent Relief Pitcher Raymond to the Braves also. The first night after he was traded Raymond saved a game against Houston for the Braves, and the next afternoon he won in relief against the Astros. Johnson now has a lifetime record against Houston of 7-2, but what happened recently is enough to give general managers ulcers.

Johnson went to the mound in the Astrodome and allowed Houston a total of two singles. In the ninth inning he gave up a walk with two outs, and Manager Lum Harris waved in Raymond from the bullpen. Raymond must have smirked as he got the final out against his old team. Against the rest of the National League, Johnson has an earned run average of 3.23. Against Houston it is 2.32.

Right back to the first baseball trade ever made, the fellow traded turns out to be a pain in the scorebook for his former team. Baseball was new as a professional game when in 1871 the Brooklyn Eckfords sold A. J. Reach, a left-hand-throwing second baseman, to the Philadelphia Athletics for $275. Reach was hardly into his new uniform before he faced the Eckfords, went 2 for 5, scored two runs and, with the score tied 10–10 in the eighth inning, made a spectacular play at second base to save the game. Eventually the A's won 11–10 and went on to win the pennant, and Reach ultimately became the owner of the Philadelphia team.

The first big deal in baseball boomeranged, too. That was in 1887 when the Chicago White Stockings sold Mike (King) Kelly to the Boston Red Stockings for the then "unheard-of price" of $10,000.

A few days later Kelly and the Red Stockings traveled to Chicago to meet the White Stockings. Before huge crowds in two consecutive games Kelly made the trade look foolish by going 8 for 10.

That should have been enough of a lesson to general managers, but of course trades do make winners as well as losers. Baseball's biggest winners today are the world-champion Cardinals, in whose dugout is one Orlando Cepeda, who came from San Francisco in 1966. Cepeda has produced six game-winning hits against San Francisco, and often he will walk up and down in the dugout with his hands outstretched to form what looks like a large stomach. Giant Manager Herman Franks has a large stomach, but perhaps that is a coincidence.

Phil Regan, the ex-Dodger now-Cub, sums up the feelings of traded players well. "When I go in to pitch against the Dodgers I am more excited than usual," says Regan. "You've got to try harder against your old team. Mostly it's professional pride—you want to show them that you're just as good playing for someone else, or maybe even better, than you were with them. I know that if they hit me well, they're going to ride me really good. It might not come out right away, but soon they'll really give it to me. And their riding will be tougher to take because they know me so well and can hit me in a tender spot easily. It's all joking, but it's still embarrassing and annoying. There isn't any team I want to beat more than I want to beat the Dodgers."

And so has it always been. Woody Held a year ago beating the Orioles three times in three days right after they sent him to California, and Rocky Colavito beating Cleveland twice for the White Sox the week the Indians let him go. Or perhaps it's Curt Simmons pitching against the Philadelphia Phillies after being released by them. It was like magic. St. Louis used Simmons against the Phillies every time the slightest chance arose and, not only did he pitch well, he had some marvelous nights as a hitter. Once he tripled, stole home and had two runs batted in. When Simmons left baseball last season his lifetime record against Philadelphia was 19-6.

"Listen," says Jimmy Piersall, the often-traded and colorful performer who once chased gnats in the outfield with a fly gun and dropkicked a fan out of centerfield, "don't you ever believe that stuff about playing the same against everyone. I remember when the Red Sox traded me to Cleveland in 1958. I was stunned and hurt and when I went in there to play against them they had a big crowd. I got two hits and was happy because we won the game. I had felt that Joe Cronin, who was the general manager, had hurt me financially at the time, because I had some business deals going around Boston and other things. That first year against Boston I was only so-so but the next year I got an awful lot of key hits against them. I really wound old Joe's watch for him that year. You've just got to get yourself up against teams that trade you."

Jimmy Piersall now works for the Angels and runs baseball camps in California for youngsters. His record as an Angel until 1966 against the teams that traded him is the last word on the boomerang effect. Against Washington, Piersall hit .300. Against Cleveland, it was .348. Against dear old Boston, .436. That's something for a general manager to think about the next time he gets a case of trade fever. **END**



Cleveland's Cardenal had typical last laugh of traded player after he bombed California



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DRAKE

A REAL SHOT AT MEXICO CITY

With Jim Ryun sidelined by illness, the Olympic dreams of runners like Dave Patrick move into the realm of possibility. Last week at Modesto, Dave gave a small preview of things to come **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

The weather was warm but the wind was blowing last Saturday night in Modesto, and Dave Patrick (*see cover*), anchor man on Villanova's two-mile relay team, was pessimistic about breaking the world record of 7:16 set by the Soviet Union. "I know we can run a world record," Patrick said, "but everything has to be just right." Despite the wind, Villanova came close. Charlie Messenger started for the Wildcats and, after trailing in the first lap, passed the baton to Ian Hamilton with a five-yard lead. Hamilton gave Frank Murphy a 10-yard lead, and Patrick got a 20-yard head start on Tom Von Ruden, anchor for the strong Army team from Fort MacArthur. Patrick just about disappeared into the night on Von Ruden, winning by 50 yards. The time was 7:17.7, better than Villanova had ever run the distance before and the third best two-mile relay ever run. "I didn't think we were going that fast," Patrick said. "It's very hard to run a race like that after you have traveled across the country."

For Dave Patrick, a lot more traveling may be in order this Olympic year. One of several excellent middle-distance runners bunched behind Jim Ryun, Patrick is a possible competitor for the gold medal in the 1,500 meters, the so-called metric mile, this October in Mexico City. And while Patrick, or anyone, for that matter, is a long shot at the moment, anything can happen in the next five months.

This became dramatically evident last week when it was disclosed that Ryun had come down with mononucleosis. Ryun's physician ordered him to drop all training and prescribed a complete two-week rest. But he cautioned: "Mononucleosis is one of those things you are never certain about. You must wait and see. And hope." Ian Hamilton, Patrick's teammate, was even more pessimistic. He said, "I had it last year and I couldn't get rid of it. If you start to run again too soon, it takes longer to get over it. I couldn't do better than two minutes for the half mile."

At best, Ryun will come into the Olympic trials subpar. At worst, he will not be ready for the Olympics. In either case, it presents both opportunity and responsibility for Patrick, because of all the runners chasing Ryun—sick or well—he is the only man in the world to have beaten him in a serious race since August of 1965.

They have met three times. A year ago last winter Patrick beat Ryun in the half mile in Detroit, setting the world indoor record of 1:48.9. (Ryun had run the mile earlier in the evening.) This February, in Madison Square Garden, Ryun whipped Patrick in the mile. (Patrick was hindered by a hairline fracture in his right foot.) A few weeks ago in Fresno, Patrick anchored Villanova to victory over Kansas and Ryun in the two-mile relay. (Ryun made up 15 yards on Patrick, but the latter, who had been handed a 50-yard lead, was not pressed into going all out.)

Now 21—he will be 22 this August 14—Patrick was born in Baltimore and raised in Essex, a suburb. Because of his name and because he runs for Villanova, a Catholic college, Patrick is usually assumed to be an Irish Catholic. In actuality, he is a Protestant of English descent. His father is from North Carolina, and for the past 37 years has worked in a Bethlehem steel mill in Baltimore, where he is now a foreman.

As a youngster Patrick played baseball, football and basketball. When he was 15 and a sophomore at Kenwood High School he began running cross-country and then the mile upon the urging of his older brother, Leonard, then a half-miler at the University of Maryland. "My brother always told me that half-milers are a dime a dozen, but good milers are hard to find," Patrick says. In his senior year Patrick stepped on a horseshoe peg and rammed it into his left leg. The wound required 12 stitches and then became infected. "I didn't think I would run again," he says. "When I got over it, I favored the leg and then threw my hip out three times."

Three colleges, Maryland, Tennessee and Villanova, were after Patrick, and although he at first found the idea of a Catholic school somewhat strange, he selected Villanova because it was only 90 miles from home and, more importantly, because Jumbo Jim Elliott, the track coach, is "miles ahead of any other coach."

Villanova is run by the Augustinians, of whom the most famous or notorious, depending upon one's point of view, is Martin Luther. "Luther," says Jim Murray, the puckish sports publicity director, "dropped out to start the AFL. Now, after 400 years, we're working on a merger." Elliott, who is fast to agree with Patrick or anyone else that he is miles ahead of any other coach, is a peppery, voluble Irish-American. "Any damn boat I'm in is always rocking!" he exclaims, bursting into a loud laugh. Under his stern but beneficent hand, Villanova has compiled an impressive record in track, indeed, the college does not have room to display all the tro-

continued

A strong, driving runner, Patrick breezes to an easy mile victory recently as his rivals, including teammate Frank Murphy, strain to keep up

phies the team has won. "Terrible!" complains Elliott. "Print that! I'm taken for granted!" Despite such talk, Elliott would never leave his alma mater, and he watches over his boys like a shrewd monsignor. He has a high regard for Patrick. "As good as Dave is as a runner," Elliott says, "he's going to be even more of a success in his life."

Unfortunately, Patrick's running career has, until recently, been hampered by injuries or illness. First he hurt a tendon in his ankle, then his tonsils became infected and then last winter he suffered the fracture in his foot. In between ailments he has shown flashes of genuine brilliance, such as his record half mile against Ryun. This year, his senior year, he was appointed captain of the track team. When Negro members talked of boycotting the important New York Athletic Club indoor meet, Elliott let Patrick and the team members decide what course to take. The team voted 16-0 by secret ballot not to go. "I know because I counted the votes," Patrick says. "There were two reasons. We thought the New York AC was doing itself an injustice by not letting Negroes in the organization. We also thought that we have such a great team feeling that we didn't want to take a chance and try to split any views. We function as a team, and we should go or not go as a team. We decided not to go. Although some athletes may excel more than others, the team feeling is what we strive for."

Patrick takes his beliefs very seriously. Although he was not formally raised in any denomination he became very much involved with the nationwide Campus Crusade for Christ in his junior year, when representatives of the Athletes in Action branch called upon him. "It seemed like it came right out of the blue, because I wasn't attending church or wasn't even thinking about Christ," he says. "Then these people came to me. It was a great event in my life. I feel that after I asked Christ in my life, I can feel more love. Not just between me and all the fellows on the Villanova track team, but for anybody I meet, even if they don't want to love me." Since joining the Campus Crusade for Christ, Patrick has spoken and given his testimony before other athletes, and last summer he worked as a supervisor in a reform school, where he held a track meet and gave away his own gold, silver and bronze medals to the winners. "I'd like to go back there," he says. "I'd like a chance to try to change the lives of those boys. They're mostly from broken homes, and they don't know where they are or where they're going."

Patrick received a B.S. degree in business administration this May, but he will continue to train at Villanova for the Olympic trials June 29 and 30. He loves the Main Line area, and in the mornings he runs various training loops of from four to 10 miles. His favorite is the 10-mile loop, nicknamed the frolic loop. "I named it the frolic loop," Patrick says, "because every time I run it I run it to enjoy myself and to have a good time. If I feel like walking, I'll stop and walk. I'll stop by the duck pond and look at the ducks for a while. Once we were running along, and I saw this big log on the side of the road. I picked it up over my head and dropped it. About 15 white mice came running out! I thought they were rats attacking me. Sometimes on this big loop, Frank Murphy (a miler from Ireland) and I stop to feed the goats, just to have a good time. There's this one house with this big backyard, and they have two goats. This is up a gigantic hill, over half a mile up, and a lot of guys in cross-country run it for hill work. We stop at apple trees and eat the apples. It's great. We love it. That's what makes it really fun, you know. When you can run and have fun, that's it. There are two golf courses around here, too, and we run



Patrick lends a hand to a teammate. Villanova's captain, he voted to boycott NYAC meet.

by the golfers hollering 'Fore!' but they don't care, we have permission. At a lot of places, if people see a guy running, they'll say ha, ha, make wisecracks. Around here they know we're on Villanova's track team, and they just look at you wondering who you are. We go by a cow pasture, through the country, by gigantic trees, big estates on the left and right. You just enjoy yourself. It's nice running through the country up and down hills."

If anything, Patrick is realistic about evaluating his own abilities as a runner. "To be a good miler," he says, "you need endurance, speed and strength. You can be a great half-miler with just speed. You can also be a great half-miler with a lot of endurance and just a little speed. But to become a good miler you've got to have endurance and the speed, and you've got to have that kick coming off the last turn. I haven't had a season where I've been able to train properly, especially in the field of speed work. I feel that I am strong enough and have enough endurance for the mile, and I do have a fair amount of speed. But speed can be enhanced by doing a lot of speed work, a lot of repeat 100-yard dashes, 150-yard dashes. This is where Mr. Elliott and I think that if I get a lot of this down, I'll be able to improve myself and really get my time down to, well, where to I hope it will go. And I don't know where it's going to go to. I don't know how good I can be because I haven't been able to run a season well, where I haven't been troubled by an injury or sickness. One of the indications that good things are coming is that when I ran 3:58 at Quantico a few weeks ago I was just thinking about running for the team and winning, not running a spectacular time. I hadn't been working out that much. I hope now that when I really start buckling down, running six miles in the morning and running my intervals in the afternoon, that I can bring my time down. I hope to hit some kind of a peak at the Olympic trials, and after that taper down and start doing longer stuff and building up my strength again a little bit because I'll have 3½ months before the Olympics in October."

Patrick and Jumbo Elliott are fairly certain that Patrick will go for the 1,500 meters instead of the 800 meters in the Olympic trials. Patrick himself is optimistic about his chances in the 1,500 meters, because it is almost 120 yards shorter than the mile. "I think the shorter distance helps me, because I can start my kick a little earlier," he says. "I consider myself more or less a half-miler and miler, so the 1,500 meters is in between. I like the 1,500 meters better than the mile because I feel that I have a lot more speed and endurance. Anything over a mile I wouldn't like to run because I don't consider myself a miler-two miler."



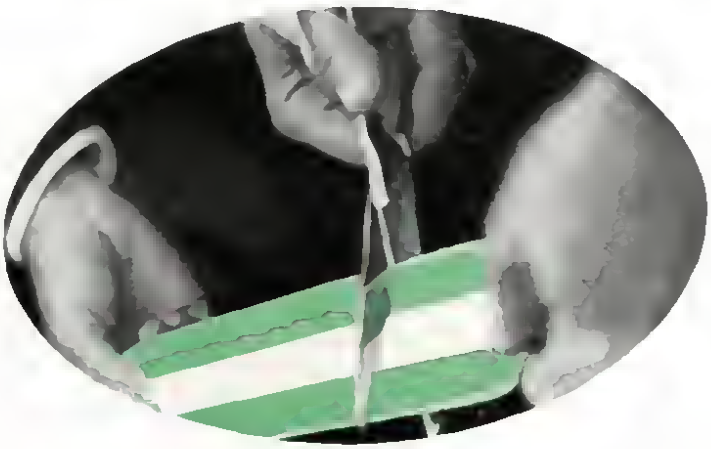
Patrick and teammate set out from ivied Villanova campus for a run through the Main Line

As Elliott sees it, Patrick is about "90% ready" for the trials. A couple of weeks ago Patrick and Frank Murphy wanted to run a sub-four-minute mile in a triangular meet so that Murphy could get a qualifying time for the Irish team. The day before the meet Elliott told both boys to ease off, and Patrick breezed to a win in 4:02.2. Elliott says, "I don't want him to extend himself, because he's got a lot of good miles to go."

If wishing could make it so, Elliott would give the Olympic gold medal to Patrick, but things are not that easy. "Jim Ryun is the greatest middle-distance runner we've ever seen," says Jumbo. "Dave can be very good, but it would be putting a monkey on the boy's back right now to say he's going to win the gold medal. It's a tough haul, but conceivably he can do it. Anything can happen in five months time. I can visualize Dave winning the 1,500 meters in Mexico." Jumbo Elliott is not a man to toss words around lightly. Before Patrick beat Ryun in the half mile, Jumbo predicted that he would. "I knew that Dave was going to win because I knew that he was a better runner than Ryun indoors," Jumbo says. "Dave gets more out of indoor board running than Jim Ryun does."

Patrick recognizes the task before him. "Ryun has speed, he has endurance, he has everything," he says. "To say that he's devoid of strength or speed would be ironic. That's like saying the sun's not shining right. But I hope and pray, I'm praying now, that in the months to come I can just turn into something more than what I am now." And then Patrick adds, "When you're a youngster in high school, you dream of running in college. When you're in college you dream of setting records. But then there's the Olympics. You always dream of winning in the Olympics." END

Beautiful Belmont Is Back



Gold scissors snipped a green-and-white ribbon last week and the new Belmont Park was open, a 430-acre, $30 million demonstration that some degree of unhurried and even gracious civilization can survive in a sporting venue that is part of megalopolis. Some lovers of the old days and the old ways were not satisfied, but The New York Racing Association, its board chairman, James Cox Brady, and Architect Arthur Froehlich have managed to keep much of the charm of the former plant, built in 1905. The magnificent course itself, where so much Thoroughbred history was made, remains, and there were those who thought it prophetic that the first race at the track since 1962 was won by a Calumet Farm colt named Ever On, whose full brother, Forward Pass, will try this week to win the 100th Belmont Stakes and with it the Triple Crown. Opening day brought out most of racing's elite as well as its regulars (following pages), and if their handicapping was no better than it has been for the past six years at Aqueduct, there was consolation at least in a stylish setting.

Perhaps too small for expected crowds, the tree-studded paddock and walking ring can be viewed from both clubhouse and grandstand sides. It serves as starting point for the post parade.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

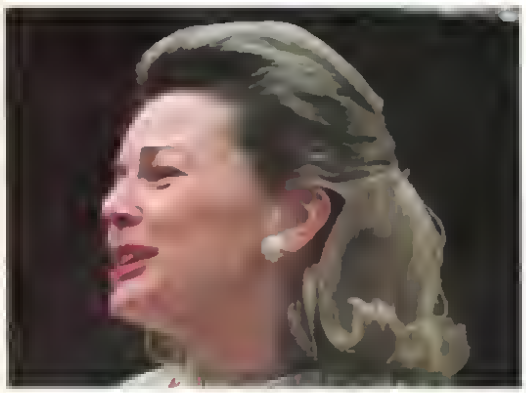




Opening-day visitor wee Ogden Phippsee' daughter Cynthia



Greentree'e Joan Peyson and Jack Whitney were sister-brother act.



Chic owner Anne McDonnell Ford contributed to glamour.



Paddock exchange amused horsemen Bull Hancock and E.P. Taylor.



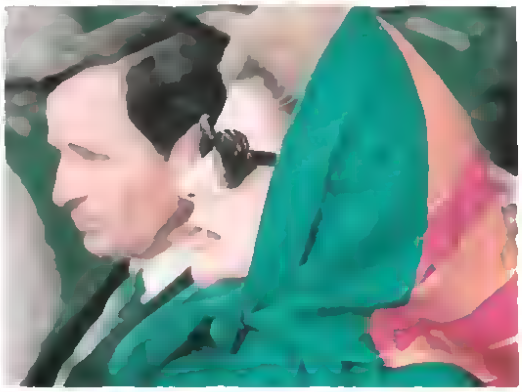
Jockeys awaited prerace orders in the shade of elegant paddock while A. G. Vanderbilt and E. B. Ryan relaxed in Trustees Room.





Amphitheater-type stands (above) provided clear view of walking ring, where the prize landmark is a well-treated 140-year-old white pine.





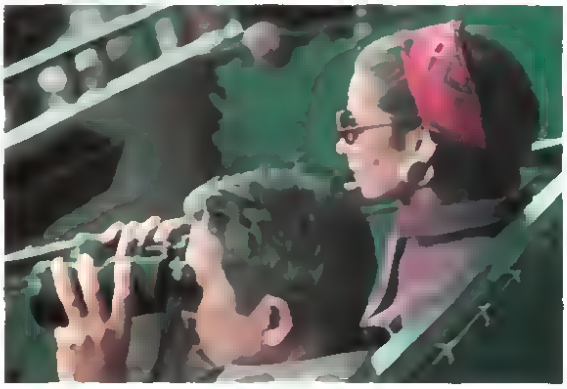
Scarfed Mrs. Charlee Engelhard sat with T. Murray McDonnell.



John Gelbreath and George Widener flanked Architect Froehlich.



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You say nothing could be more tranquil than a summer spent as a firewatcher in the glorious wilderness of a national forest? Prepare yourself for a shock ***by PATRICK McMANUS***

WILD LIFE IN A ROOM WITH A VIEW

Each June, about the time most people think of vacations and many begin moving to the seashore, a few hundred strangely assorted Americans head for the high mountains and great forests of the land. Their stated purpose is to help prevent forest fires. But what they really have in mind is the ultimate get-away-from-it-all, an escape into the blissful solitude of a delightful little wilderness penthouse—a U.S. Forest Service lookout station. Helping to prevent forest fires is merely the price they must pay for their room with a view. Early each September out they come again, and from their stories one wonders if the solitude is all that blissful, the price that mere or the penthouse that delightful, there are, it seems, a few trials and even some tribulations.

To begin with, the living quarters are a bit cramped—12 to 14 feet square—and are nestled atop towers anywhere from 10 to 100 feet high. Fuel, food, water and all other supplies needed to sustain an easy life must be toted by hand up the stairs, which can seem interminable. The sanitary facility is 50 yards off in the bushes, and the nearest source of water may be a mile or more down the mountain. During storms the higher towers have a tendency to sway sickeningly, lightning strikes with unmonotonous regularity a few feet from where the lookout is sitting (or kneeling) and balls of weird blue "fire" from time to time sizzle about the place like water on a hot skillet. The lookouts are assaulted by insects, besieged by beasts, seared by the sun, chased by forest fires and, perhaps worst of all, tortured incessantly by the monstrous silence. This is to say nothing of the work, but, as one lookout suggests, the work consists largely of being there.

The experiences of the Forest Service

continued

suggests that no particular kind of individual is ideally suited to life in a tower suite, and the recruits who show up for training early each summer prove to be a strangely mixed lot—prim lady schoolteachers, college professors, ministers' wives, loggers, vacationing businessmen, farmers, grandmothers, coeds, honeymooners, old marrieds, beauty queens, students, female truck drivers, ex-marines and cooky-baking housewives; in short, just about anyone who can shake off the fetters of routine life for three months.

Newlyweds long ago discovered that lookout towers make private places for honeymoons, and each forest usually has at least one couple launching its marriage atop a peak. Rangers, reluctant marriage counselors that they are, generally avoid pointing out to the couples that if a marriage can survive a summer in a lookout tower it can survive almost anything. Their fervent hope is that the rocks the marriage may be headed for won't be those at the foot of the tower. Familiarity may or may not breed contempt, but there is no doubt that the tiny cabins breed profuse amounts of familiarity. Paul Wilson, dispatcher for the Coeur d'Alene (Idaho) National Forest, recalls one couple that stopped speaking to each other 15 minutes after being moved *into their cabin*. "Right then I knew it was going to be a long, hard season," says Paul. "And it was, for all concerned."

But whatever small apprehensions the honeymooners may create for the rangers, newlyweds almost always turn out to be highly competent and dedicated fire lookouts, not to mention a source of considerable humor. Visitors to one of these bridal towers listened in fascination recently as a blue-jeaned bride gave her impressions about honeymooning on a lookout platform. "One thing I've noticed is that the days seem so long and the nights so short!" Her stricken husband hastened to explain that this was because the tower was the highest point in the mountains and was, consequently, the first thing the sun's rays touched in the morning and the last in the evening. The nights actually were shorter.

The Forest Service likes to man its towers with married couples whenever possible. For one thing, the lookouts are not so lonely, they can break the monotony by making either love or war. For another, the Government gets two pairs of eyes for the price of one. The husband is paid *for the five* weekdays and the wife for Saturday and Sunday. In practice, of course, the husband and wife are both in the tower most of the time and are therefore both watching for fires most of the time. As one official points out, "There just isn't that much else to do."

Sometimes the lookouts are single women. Last summer 23 of the 233 stations in the Northern Region were operated by female fire spotters. The consensus among rangers is that they do an excellent job, frequently surpassing the men. "They are more observant," says a ranger. "They hold their interest well in what can be a monotonous job, and they keep meticulous records. They also keep their quarters in much better condition." One girl, a coed from Idaho State University "who didn't know a meadow bottom from a ridge top," was assigned to an observation cab atop a 100-foot steel tower overlooking a vast area of the Nezperce National Forest. Not only did she adapt quickly and well to this awesome place of work, within two weeks she had memorized the names of every ridge and water drainage in sight. Other women operate the complex *network of stations that serve* as communications centers for the Forest Service and various other state and federal agencies.

Although men are preferred in stations where smoke chasing and fire fighting may be a part of the duties, the Lava Butte station in the Deschutes National Forest in Oregon was once manned by a lady who did all her own fire fighting. Having formerly worked on a tugboat, she was known, naturally, as "Tugboat Annie." She further endeared herself to the foresters by smoking cigarettes in a long, elegant holder, which she would use to point out various features of the landscape to any occasional visitors.

Many of the women return year after year. Mrs. Carol Sopher, the only woman lookout in the Bitterroot National Forest of Montana last year, has spent 17 summers in fire towers, and Dorothy Taylor, a former schoolteacher, has worked for nearly 20 years in Montana's Lolo National Forest.

Not only are the rangers pleased to see the ladies return, so are the squirrels and chipmunks that live in the rocks around the stations, for they receive a lot of maternal care. One lady fire watcher baked sugar cookies every day to feed to the golden-mantled squirrels around her station, and by summer's end she could bring them running by calling, "Here, kitty, kitty, kitty!" Another lady lookout fed her chipmunks hotcakes daily. "By the end of summer," says a ranger, "they were so fat they looked like marmots."

Larger wild animals, although seldom dangerous, contribute their full share to the tribulations of the lookouts. Porcupines are fond of the salt in rubber and will eat the tires, and even fan belts, off a lookout's automobile. Mountain goats like to gather in the middle of the night for a playful romp on the catwalks that surround the lookout's sleeping quarters. The goats so successfully upset the nights of one lookout that he kept falling asleep during working hours, an offense which the Forest Service ranks about equal to that of the Army sentry who dozes at his post. He finally built a barricade to keep the goats off the tower stairs.

Many of the lookouts are from large cities and at first have some difficulty identifying their wild animals. A lookout *once radioed in that* he had a coyote around his tower. For several days he entertained the boys back at the ranger station with descriptions of the antics of this friendly and daring animal. When he told one day of the coyote's trying to claw its way into the cabin, the rangers decided they had better have a look at the critter. It turned out to be a brown bear. Another lookout, obviously nervous, reported, "Big, hairy beasts are ganging up around the foot of my tower." He went outside for another look, and quickly returned to the radio. "Now they're coming up the stairs!" he shouted. The local ranger leaped into his four-wheel drive and flailed it all the way to the tower, his imagination conjuring up the wildest of Alfred Hitchcock scenes. The troublemakers turned out to be a family of pack rats.

Most of the lookouts develop their own methods for dealing with animals that make nuisances of themselves, as did the lady who observed a large bear ascending her tower stairs. When the

bear did not heed her vocal threats, she went inside, heated a pot of water and dumped it on him. He was not seen in the neighborhood again. This procedure, though it may seem absurdly domestic and urban, is now the approved procedure for discouraging bears that like to climb towers.

Occasionally a bear will threaten a lookout with bodily harm, but only if the lookout is accompanied by a loyal and courageous dog and armed with much good advice is he likely to be in danger. Doug McFarland, a young lookout in the Primitive Area of Idaho, was clearing a trail during one wet period when the fire danger was low. He was accompanied by his trusty Irish setter and had been told that if he saw a large bear preparing to mount an attack the best thing to do was to give a loud whoop. A couple of miles down the trail from his tower McFarland noticed the first sign of a bear: the silent, reddish blur of his dog passing him, fleeing in the opposite direction. Shortly thereafter the bear emerged from the brush, cleared the field of battle by ushering her twin cubs up a nearby tree and charged. Quickly recalling the good advice, McFarland let out a loud whoop. The bear rushed on. McFarland whooped again. Still the bear didn't stop. "My third whoop was entirely involuntary," McFarland recalls, "but apparently I at last had whooped authentically." The bear skidded to a stop a few feet away and returned reluctantly to her cubs. Shakily, McFarland made his way back to the lookout tower, where his dog awaited him under the bed.

There are other firewatching hazards. The safest place to be during a lightning storm, rangers like to explain as they sit comfortably in their office swivel chairs, is a lookout tower. This, they claim, is because the towers are decorated with such a formidable mass of lightning rods that it is virtually impossible to be electrocuted there. (Rangers do not entertain the possibility of a person's being frightened to death.) When lightning does strike a tower the lookout is, of course, sitting at the point of impact. To fully appreciate the stimulating effect of this, you must recall the last time that you saw a great ragged bolt of lightning split the sky and then counted—"one thousand one, one thousand two ..." until the sound of thunder finally arrived. In a lookout tower struck by lightning the thunder and flash are simultaneous, creating an effect that is presumably like that inside of an exploding bomb.

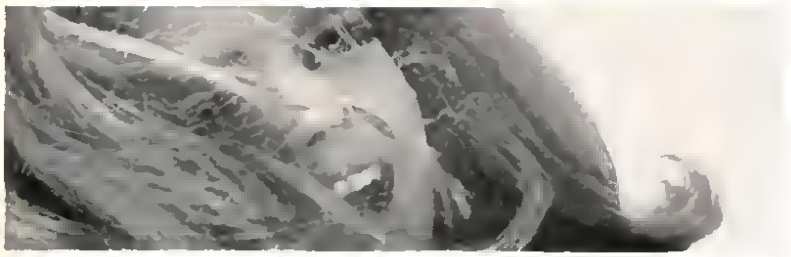
The rangers consider the first lightning storm as the qualifying exam for their new lookouts. "Up to then they're amateurs," says one forester. "After it, they're pros." Last summer a new lookout became a pro his first night on the job. His tower was struck nine times. Asked if he would like a few days off to pull himself together, the lookout said no, he would stick to his post—an obvious case of shell shock.

In addition to lightning rods, the Forest Service supplies the lookout with a chair that has a glass insulator on the bottom of each leg. If the lookout sits in the chair, first making sure that it is not situated between two pieces of metal—electricity might arc between them—and if he avoids touching the radio or telephone, puts in his earplugs and does not leap off of the tower, he has an

continued



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Less spectacular than lightning but much more haunting are the weird balls of blue fire that sometimes are seen dancing about lookout stations during electrical storms. This phenomenon is called "St. Elmo's fire" and is caused by harmless static electricity.

Forest fires seldom endanger lookouts, and if a fire should threaten a station there usually is ample time to beat a retreat. But not always. The Sundance fire in Idaho last summer proved an exception for 18-year-old Randy Langston. Stationed on 7,264-foot Roman Nose Peak, Randy had been keeping an eye on the fire, which had been burning fitfully for several weeks. On the evening of September 1 the fire was about 15 miles and a mountain range away from the Roman Nose lookout. Then, in a matter of hours, a 60-mph wind whipped the Sundance blaze into one of the worst in Idaho's smoky history. In a single day the fire made a run of 21 miles, eventually threatening towns, farms and homes along a 30-mile front. At its peak it burned one square mile of mature timber every three minutes, and its smoke column rose to a height of 45,000 feet. Trapped in the middle of this inferno, Randy continued to make his radio reports until it became evident that the fire was going to sweep right over his tower. He was ordered to take his radio and try to find shelter in the rocks below the station. The young lookout scrambled down to a rock slide, where he spent the night surrounded by a violent fire storm. The following morning a helicopter picked him up and flew him to safety. He was a bit shaken, but unsinged.

And the lookout tower? Well, it survived, too. It stands now as a lonely and useless sentinel over 51,000 charred acres that last year at this time made up one of the most beautiful forest areas in Idaho.

The lookout begins his summer of tranquillity by attending a week-long fireguard training school conducted by each national forest. There he learns the various methods of spotting and fighting fires. After completing his training he usually moves straight into the lookout station he has been assigned to.

continued



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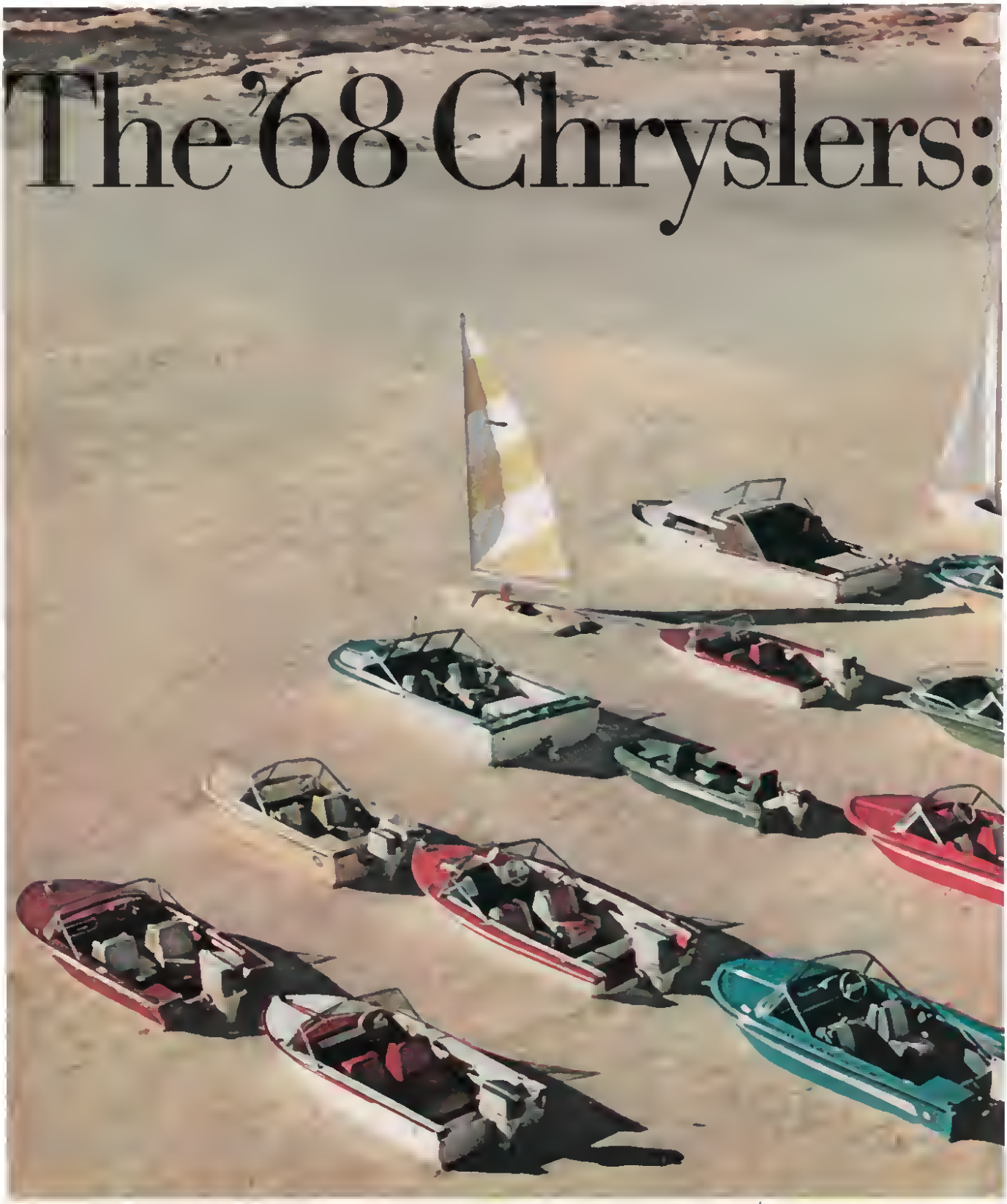
The Protectors have the know-how to make Living Insurance work hard for you -- to make sure your family is always provided for.

No matter where you are, The Protectors are never far. Equitable agents are in all 50 states. All set to serve you. With Living Insurance from Equitable.

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THE EQUITABLE

The '68 Chryslers:



Those are real boats and engines in a real desert, and they're all engineered in the Chrysler Corporation tradition.

Take those Hydro-Vee hulls shown here. That's an advanced piece of Chrysler engineering. It combines racing sponsons and a deep V-Hull foundation, for better control, and a more comfortable ride.

For 1968, Chrysler offers 38 different models, from 12 to 24 ft. long hull styles to fiberglass runabouts, aluminum fun boats, fishing boats, and sailboats. And we offer the greatest combination of outboards, inboard-outdrives, and all-around marine engines in the business to go with them. And throughout this 1968 line of boats and engines, you'll find a whole fleetful of big and little differences that great engineering always makes.

just add water.



Photographed at Morehans Sandhills State Park, Texas

Just the way you find great engineering in our 1968 line of cars, Airtemp air conditioners and every product made by Chrysler Corporation . . . America's fifth largest industrial corporation.

Plymouth • Dodge • Chrysler • Imperial • Dodge Trucks • Simca Sunbeam • Airtemp • Cycleweld • Oilite • Mopar • Parts Division Marine and Industrial Products • Defense and Space Products Leasing • Financing • Insurance

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

fatso

Armstrong has a new cool tire--a wide track made with fiber glass. It may look fat, but it's as tough as nails and can give you over 40,000 miles of safe driving.



Ever since they were introduced a few years ago, wide track tires have been the hottest things going.

Why not. They corner beautifully. They hug the road like a bear. And they look like something else.

The only problem has been that some of them don't wear as well as regular-shaped tires.

Now Armstrong introduces Fatso. a wide track made with fiber glass. A wide track that lasts a long, long time.

Fatso is really built. Underneath his thick rubber hide, and above his nylon cords, he's got two belts of fiber glass that help keep the tread firm and tough.

(A firm, tough tread means less abrasion, less scuffing and squirming of rubber against the road. In short, it means a cooler tire.)

We tested Fatso for hundreds of thousands of miles against other makes, and we're happy to report he came out on top in all areas of performance: cornering, traction, braking, and of course, mileage.

Fatso resists heat at high speeds. He virtually eliminates blowouts. And he can give you over 40,000 miles of wear.

Fatso. A tough cookie, available only at your Armstrong dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages.

The Armstrong Rubber Co., West Haven, Conn.; Des Moines, Ia.; Natchez, Miss.; Hanford, Calif.

ARMSTRONG

Cool tires made with fiber glass

© 1968 The Armstrong Rubber Company

Most of the stations now have rough roads leading to them, but a few can be reached only by horse, helicopter or foot. In the early days of lookout stations, the lookout went "in" and stayed "in" for the season, but now he can usually have a day or two in town each week while a substitute takes his place. In the case of a married couple, the wife can hop in the car and drive to town for a loaf of bread or a divorce.

The first weeks at the station may be spent clearing trails, stringing telephone wires, maintaining roads or giving the tower a new coat of paint. Daily weather reports are also made. Once the fire season arrives, however, which is roughly in early June, lookouts concentrate on their primary job and every 20 minutes must make a systematic check of the area protected by their stations. After a week or so the 20-minute check is all but forgotten because the lookout is in the habit of looking. Indeed, he can hardly stop looking.

"After a while they just look around all the time," a ranger explains. "You can't hold a decent conversation with them because their heads are constantly turning this way and that. They look like owls."

Competition between lookouts becomes fierce. Not only do they check their own territory but each other's, and it is a major triumph to spot an unreported "smoke" in the other fellow's range. Working hours as such become purely academic, and lookouts will make a habit of getting up in the middle of the night to make sure a fire has not sneaked into their area under cover of darkness. Needless to say, the Forest Service subtly encourages this spirit of friendly competition.

New lookouts at first have some trouble identifying smokes. They will report patches of fog, clouds, dust and, at night, even the lights from each other's stations. But by the time the fire season arrives they have become experienced enough to know smoke when they see it. Still, they tend to be jumpy and do not take any chances. Last summer, during the height of the Idaho fire season, a lookout reported smoke he had just spotted. As it happened, a plane loaded with retardant to be dumped on another fire was just clearing the runway. It was ordered to the new blaze instead. Fortunately, the pilots are required

continued

Kodak

Meet the sharper shooter.



The brand-new Kodak Instamatic 814 camera lets you shoot sharper, clearer pictures your very first time out. And for two reasons. One, it has the superb new super-sharp 4-element *f* 2.8 Kodak Ektar lens. Two, it does practically everything for you automatically.

Just drop in the film cartridge. Automatically, the new "814" adjusts for the speed of the film. Adjusts for the level of the light, too, with its sensitive CdS exposure control—tells you if the batteries are okay—warns you when to use flash. For easy shooting, both film and flashcube advance automatically. And the lens-coupled rangefinder helps you get a sharp shot every shot.



See this sharper shooter, less than $140, at your Kodak dealer's. Remember—no experience necessary! Price subject to change without notice

Kodak Instamatic 814 Camera.



Most home movies put people to sleep. They're supposed to move, and most don't. So they look home-made.

Unless you take them with one of Bauer's eight Super 8 movie cameras. Because all eight offer professional features that add pace, variety and interesting effects to your movies. Depending on the model, features like 8-to-1 *power* zoom lenses, an automatic wiping mask for fade-ins and fade-outs and the *slowest* slow motion in Super 8. Plus bright, reflex viewing for perfect focus and thru-the-lens light metering for automatically correct exposures.

Prices range from about $350* to $420*. Bauer's three great Super 8 projectors start at about $80*. See them all at your camera dealer.

Or write for information: Allied Impex Corp., 300 Park Ave. So., New York 10010. Chicago. Dallas. Glendale, Calif.

Get even. Send us 50¢ and the name of your favorite home movie bore. We'll send you a certificate you can award him in recognition of his talents. Maybe he'll get the message.



Bauer *for home movies that don't look home made*



If you're too old to have diaper rash... it must be something else.

It's a body rash. It thrives in sweaty, chafed body areas. It is misery when complicated by fungous infection.

That's why it keeps coming back even though you've tried all sorts of remedies. Including baby powders and salves. They may be okay for diaper rash. But not groin irritation!

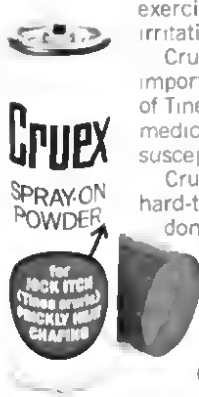
Now you can get relief with Cruex®. A spray-on powder specifically made to fight this body rash.

Cruex spray soothes itchy, inflamed skin. Cushions against further irritation. That's why using Cruex before and after exercise can help stop groin irritation before it starts.

Cruex absorbs sweat (one important factor in the growth of Tinea cruris fungi). Its medication directly attacks susceptible fungi.

Cruex spray cools, gets into hard-to-get-at places. (And you don't make it sting or burn by rubbing, dabbing, smearing or spreading anything on.)

Cruex spray is easy on you. It's strictly hands off. At your pharmacy.



CRUEX®

Cruex. Guaranteed to work or your money back.

to make a dry run over each suspect site before they bomb. Down below, the pilot could see a logging crew staring nervously up at him as he roared over at treetop level. The smoke was a plume of blue exhaust fumes caused by starting a bulldozer.

Base pay for lookouts ranges from $2.15 to $2.40 an hour. They also may earn a monthly increment of from 15% to 25% of their base pay by working an additional 28 hours a week. They must furnish all of their own provisions, but the room—and the view—is free.

In recent years most of the stations have been "modernized," which means that wood-burning stoves have been replaced with combination propane stove-refrigerator units. If the lookout's stove burns wood, he must split it himself, regulations requiring that he keep a two-week supply on hand at all times. Stations unequipped with propane also have no means of refrigeration, thus depriving the lookout of the luxury of perishable foods and cool drinks. (One young lookout's parents eased—or perhaps ruined—their son's summer on his own by flying their private plane over his station every couple of days and parachuting him a quart of ice cream.) The only time any of the lookouts have running water is if they should break into a sprint while carrying it up from the nearest spring.

The Forest Service is quite concerned that its lookouts not go overboard with the "roughing it" concept. The lookouts are representatives of the U.S. Government, the rangers point out, and are expected to create a favorable impression. There is no telling when one of the taxpayers may show up for an impromptu visit, regardless of where the station is located, and he is not to find empty food cans moldering on the floor or shorts and bra hung up to dry on the firefinder. After each sprinkling of rain, the windows—all 40 or so panes—are to be polished spotlessly clean. Ledges must be dusted daily and the floors and steps—no matter how many of them—must be swept. The grounds are to be kept free of clutter by burning or burying debris.

Lookout stations, once merely functional, are now becoming tourist attractions of sorts. They make excellent destinations for hiking clubs. If he gets careless, a lookout who has not seen

continued

WE'VE GOT THE NAME FOR THE GAME.



What's in a name? Plenty. Plenty of great golf, if the name is Wilson.

Wilson has been leading the way down the fairway for years with its K-28 clubs. Here's why so many golfers buy them:

They like the glistening ebony Strata-Bloc® woods. Layers of tough maple are bonded together for strength and Aqua-Tite® sealed to keep out moisture and maintain perfect balance.

They strongly approve the dynamically balanced K-28 irons, with weight scientifically placed for maximum power where club head meets ball.

And they unanimously favor the extra distance built into the K-28 ball, too. And its polyurethane finish that stays white for life!

The acclaim is a matter of record. But K-28 performance is something else. Something you can feel and see and puff up with pride about.

For your new clubs and balls, pick Wilson—the name that's number one.

Wilson®

AND IT ADDS UP TO A NICE CARD.



Wilson Sporting Goods Co., River Grove, Ill. A subsidiary of Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc

WHY THE WRIGHTS RENT A PITNEY-BOWES POSTAGE METER TO MAIL JUST 5 LETTERS A DAY.



If you walk through the long, low building that houses the Wright Implement Company in Liberty, Kentucky, you're bound to run into a Wright. Either John Wright, the owner, his wife, Linnie, Russell, his son, or daughter-in-law, Mabel. (That's Mabel and Russell in the picture.) Together, they've made a nice family business of selling farming, tobacco and highway machinery to customers in their rolling, rural part of the state.

About a year and a half ago, the Wrights took a non-family worker into the business: a Pitney-Bowes desk model postage meter, to help with the work in the office.

Since then, the meter's been adopted by every Wright who's used it.

The meter prints the postage right on the envelope. So to Linnie, who "dreaded the thought of having to lick all those stamps," the meter has meant a more pleasant job. To Mabel, it's the way the meter and its flap sealer "cut the time we spend getting the statements out."

Because she can have the meter set to hold up to $99.99 in postage in just one trip to the Post Office, Mabel can spend more time at her job. Something quite important since Linnie has her own work to do and there's no one else to replace her. As Mabel put it, "It's unhandy for us to go uptown for stamps."

Even Russell and John, who prefer the repair bays to the office, like the meter because it can print a little ad on the envelope at the same time it prints the postage. The ad they chose reads, "It's Service After The Sale That Counts."

If you've a business where every person and minute counts, you should adopt our meter, too.

Pitney-Bowes

For information write Pitney Bowes, Inc., 9030 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904. Postage Meters, Addresser-Printers, Folders, Inserters, Counters & Imprinters, Scales, Mailopeners, Collators, Copiers.

another human in a month could find himself kicking cans under his bunk, dusting the table with the T shirt he has just snatched from the firefinder and hastily setting his abode in acceptable U.S. representative-type order as 37 members of the Hill Hoppers Outing Club ascend his stairs The Government is even publishing little pamphlets describing lookout stations that the public might like to visit.

The Forest Service currently operates approximately 1,000 lookout stations throughout the country during the fire season. The number has decreased by several hundred during the last few years as many areas changed from a detection system relying almost entirely on fixed ground lookouts to one employing a few key ground stations supplemented by aircraft patrol. But there is no thought that the ground stations can ever be completely abandoned.

Thus, he who would escape for three whole months the grit and grind of people-glutted cities to spend the summer on a Forest Service lookout station will have the opportunity. There is no need to rush. Simply obtain from your local post office and fill out several copies of Application for Federal Employment, Standard Form 57, and mail them to the ranger district in the national forest of your choice. The Forest Service usually hires its lookouts during January, but a few replacements are taken on as late as May.

So just imagine it. There you are, relaxing on the tower steps as the sun sinks slowly in the west and the darkness rises out of the pine-clad depths of the mountains, finally to embrace this little penthouse, your room with a view. Touched by the last lingering rays of the sun, the tower glows like the first star of evening in the great blue bowl of the sky. Peace. Beauty. Somewhere off down the mountain a coyote wails. Then your keen, woodsman-type ear picks up a faint sound. It is the porcupines gnawing on your car tires. From the edge of an Alpine grove you glimpse a herd of mountain goats approaching your tower stairs. The breeze is picking up, the tower is beginning to sway, and rising in the south, blotting out the stars, is a massive thunderhead. It is at times like this that you truly rejoice in your solitude; there is no one around to hear you cry. **END**




12 YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY - 86 PROOF
GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.
Really.
If your father isn't worth
an extra few dollars, who is?
CHIVAS
REGAL
BLENDED
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Sandy Koufax was golfing at La Costa Country Club, just north of San Diego, and one of his efforts winged into the rough. "No, no," a pro told him. "Get that left arm all the way around! Straighten it out!" "If I could straighten it out," Sandy replied, "I'd be pitching at Dodger Stadium tonight."

◆ The British Lions Rugby team was practicing for a game in Capetown, South Africa when a somewhat older gentleman dropped by to toss the ball back and forth with the boys. It was heart-transplant patient **Philip Blaiberg**, who 30 years ago had captained the Rugby team at the Royal Dental College in London. "It's really wonderful to feel the turf under my feet and to smell the grass and the leather," Blaiberg said, but when, after a few passes, he steadied himself to punt the ball his wife Eileen moved in. "Now then, Phil, that's quite enough," she said. "You're only showing off."

The new Phoenix Suns basketball team certainly has a fun group of owners—**Andy Williams, Bobbie Gentry, Ed Ames, Tony Curtis,** and now **Henry Mancini**, the composer, who has promised to write something for the team. It will be a victory song, a fight song or a waltz, depending on how they play, and he can always call it *Sun River*.

Pedaling their wares to peddle their wares, a group of bicycle manufacturing executives from companies such as Arnold, Schwinn & Company and the Huffman Manufacturing Company, with their wives, recently undertook a three-day, 172-mile cycling trip in Ohio. "The bicycle is now the adult recreational vehicle," **H. M. (Huffy) Huffman** announced to his fellows in the industry at a blast-off dinner preceding the trip. "What's been holding us back? The feeling that all we do is show the way to foreign competitors,



◆

that's what. But now the adult market is potentially double the size of the kid market, which we've dominated!" These words ringing in their ears, they all took off. When they got back, the ladies, at least, had some pretty specific thoughts about bicycle design. The adult market might be potentially double the size of the kid market, but the adult bottom is already double the size of the kid bottom, they pointed out. Their husbands promised to give the question their close attention.

The Dodgers' new pitcher, **Mudcat Grant**, did not even have to move into the neighborhood in Los Angeles to be treated to the latest in California hospitality to Negro ballplayers. All he had to do was pose for a modeling layout in a turnaround in Los Angeles to bring out a homeowner with a pistol. "I was having these pictures taken," Grant says, "when this nut shot a .38 at me. The guy jumps up on a wall around his property and all of a sudden 'pow,' he shoots at me. I'll tell you, I was some scared. I asked him if he was shooting at me, and he said, 'Get out of here!' " Grant and the photographer got, straight to the police. "I don't think anyone should have the right to use firearms that way," Grant said, with considerable restraint. The homeowner claims that his aim was at the air, not Grant. The hearing is set for this month.

Jack Valenti, the former presidential aide who slept easier knowing that Lyndon Baines Johnson was in the White House, may be panicking now that Mr. Johnson is planning to vacate it. Valenti has taken up karate. When he is in Washington he turns up twice a week for Tae Kwon Do lessons in a class which includes Venezuelan Ambassador **Enrique Tejera-Paris** and **Gerard Gaussen**, counselor at the French embassy. Another student, until he went off to campaign for a congressional seat, was former Chief of Protocol **James W. Symington**. A switch from protocol to karate seems indicative of the times.

While the rest of the family engages in such exceedingly vigorous activities as polo and trans-Channel water skiing, England's **Queen Mother** fishes. She has fished for years, is considered an excellent angler, and this spring found her as usual casting flies for salmon on the River Dee—found her, but did not find many salmon. The Queen Mother went out for an hour or so every day, regardless of the weather, but when queried about her luck a royal spokesman could only observe, "Well, you know how it is. Sometimes the fish are there and sometimes they are not."

● **King Baudouin** and **Queen Fabiola** of Belgium made a state visit to Ireland and, accompanied by Prime Minister **Jack Lynch**, they called upon President **Eamon de Valera**. Baudouin happened to wonder if he might have a demonstration of that mad and violent Irish amusement, hurling, and Prime Minister Lynch, a former champion, promptly produced a hurley stick from his car. President de Valera came up with another from the depths of some presidential closet. Officials found two more, and King Baudouin's hurling instruction got under way. Baudouin is a golfer, and the proper hurling grip is opposite to that used in golf, but after a bit the Prime Minister brought the King along to the point where he managed several decent shots. He also demonstrated a certain basic feel for the game—as the photograph shows, Baudouin prudently removed his glasses before grasping his hurley.

●



Mushky got the Tiger and Foster tamed him

Nobody in his division was willing to fight Bob Foster, let alone give him a shot at the light-heavyweight title, so he quit. Then a television show brought him back, and a new manager led him to the champion

Dick Tiger, never before knocked out in 77 fights over 16 years, stood in a corner of his dressing room in Madison Square Garden last Friday night trying to explain how it feels. "I do not see anything, I do not hear anything," he said with that almost musical lilt to his voice. "Everything is all quiet, and it is dark. There is no pain, there is no sound. I do not know I was on the floor. Was I on the floor?"

Yes, just two minutes into the fourth round of their fight for the light heavyweight championship, Dick Tiger was on the floor where Bob Foster had put him. "Bob Foster?" said Tiger. "Now that he knock me out, I think he is the best fighter in the whole world."

Certainly among the middleweights and light heavyweights there can be no doubt about that, if only because Dick Tiger has fought them all. In fact if there was one single reason why Bob Foster quit boxing two years ago it was because everybody else was fighting Dick Tiger except Bob Foster.

Foster, a tall, long-muscled man of 29 comes from Washington D.C. and started fighting as a pro seven years ago. He has always prided himself on being the complete fighter—one who can jab, hook, move and hit with authority—and that is one reason why he suffered so when lesser men were getting shots at the title. "It was ridiculous," he recalls. "The only guys who would fight me were heavyweights. I was at the top of my division but they'd always bring in somebody else for a title fight. Torres? They asked Torres if he wanted to fight me, and he wound up fighting Tiger. Rouse? I knocked out guys Rouse fought. It was ridiculous. Finally after being paid $300 for fighting heavyweights like Ernie Terrell and Doug Jones and getting nowhere doing it, Foster quit the ring altogether. He had a wife and four children to support.

"One night I came home," he said. "I sat down in front of the TV set. There was a fight going on. I can't even remember who it was—all I know is that both of 'em were terrible. It made me sick, they were so bad."

Fortunately Foster's suffering was short-lived. Morris (Mushky) Salow, a Hartford, Conn. restaurant owner and fight manager who had seen Foster knock out Dave Bailey in one of the preliminaries to the first Liston-Clay match in Miami Beach, had told Foster he wanted to manage him someday. Now, two years later, he was still interested. In October 1966 Salow bought Foster's contract for $4,000 and promised him Dick Tiger within the year. Foster began to move immediately, against the right kind of opposition at first. When he finished off second-rate heavyweight Sonny Moore in two rounds last December there was nobody left but Tiger.

Getting Tiger took $100,000, the guarantee that Salow talked Vince McMahon, a wrestling and boxing promoter in Washington, into putting up. In late April, Foster disappeared into the Catskills to train. He ducked everything not associated with fighting, including an invitation to appear at a Harlem dinner with Tiger and a Harlem block party sponsored by Mayor John Lindsay. "I've got too much at stake," he said. "I've waited seven years for this chance."

After seven weeks Foster was sure he was ready. "The other day," he said,



FOSTER TOWERS OVER REFEREE AS WELL AS PROSTRATE DICK TIGER AFTER KNOCKOUT

"I was sitting at dinner. All of a sudden the muscles in my stomach started twitching. They would jump like somebody was shooting an electric current into them. I was really scared. I thought, 'Oh no, what now?' But it turned out that I was just in fantastic condition. I had gone to extra trouble getting my whole mid-section in shape and the muscles were just reacting to it. The next day I found that out for sure. One of my sparring partners gave me a left hook right in the solar plexus. Sometimes that will finish a guy off, but this time—honest, it almost tickled."

Tiger, meanwhile, trained in New York, living in a small hotel on the city's West Side, running miles around the reservoir in the morning and working in the gym in the afternoon. He could not conceal his anxiety about his family, trapped in the war of independence that his native Biafra was waging against Nigeria. He had not heard from them since he arrived in New York in March. "I do not worry so much anymore," he said unconvincingly. "The children have learned to take cover when they hear the planes. It is the fighter planes we worry about. If you see them you can run away. But you never see the bullets."

To the 11,547 who turned out at the new Garden, Tiger and Foster face to face looked a lot like Wilt Chamberlain and Flip Wilson. Foster, 6′ 3½″, towered over his stockier opponent. In the clinches Tiger's nose was never higher than Foster's breastbone. Foster had an 8″ advantage in height and a similar edge in reach. Indeed, the first few exchanges showed clearly that if Foster exploited his left jab to the fullest he would be halfway home. When Foster's left hand was jammed in Tiger's face, the smaller man's lefts and rights, churning below, came no nearer Foster's body than his outstretched elbow.

Tiger, however, won the first round, chiefly because Foster was too worried about Tiger getting inside to throw those jabs effectively. Late in the round Tiger broke through and volleyed to Foster's body, and the challenger's legs wobbled. In the second, Foster was even more anxious to stay away from Tiger. He had been hurt, and he had not forgotten. Feinting one way, moving the other, he would snap out a left and pull it back as if he had touched a hot stove. Foster was throwing the jab, but he was still preoccupied by the need to protect his body. Then, unaccountably, Tiger gave away the initiative, and that eventually cost him the fight. Instead of slipping under the left hand—or taking one to get in several of his own as he always has done—Tiger stopped moving. Stationary, his head was a perfect target for Foster's long leads, and soon it was clear Foster had determined what Tiger could and could not do.

In Tiger's corner Manager Chickie Ferrara urged him to hit and follow. In Foster's corner the opportunity was obvious. As the challenger got up for round 3, the seconds yelled at him, "Take charge, baby. Take charge!"

Much more confident now, Foster measured Tiger with lefts and followed up with hard rights into the face and body. Tiger was frustrated by the left hand; it destroyed his concentration and kept him from moving inside. A minute into the fourth round Tiger lunged at his tormentor. Foster, backing off, fired a right uppercut into Tiger's face and followed with a left hook along the cheek. Tiger pulled up short and started to counter with a left, but he wasn't fast enough. Foster threw another right uppercut and then a powerful left hook—the first really loaded punch in the combination. It crashed against Tiger's head, and the champion fell backward to the floor.

At the count of seven Tiger had managed a sitting position, his arms splayed out behind him. At eight and nine he made rocking motions, trying to lurch back to his feet, but he couldn't.

Later the pair sat side by side for a press conference held outside their dressing rooms. Tiger appeared to be more embarrassed by the knockout than disappointed at his loss. "You do the talking," he said to Foster. "You the champeen." But he did say, "I had not started to fight yet"—which was true enough.

Foster insisted that now all he is looking for is the money. He claimed he would fight anyone, anywhere—"in a backyard if they say"—if the money was right. And he probably meant it. He left Madison Square Garden for a victory party with 35¢ in his pocket. **END**

DON'T KILL THE MARTINI



Mix with BOISSIERE

(Say "Bwa-See-Air")

LE FRENCH VERMOUTH TRES DRY

Bring your Martini to life with Boissiere. Crisp... subtle... extra dry... the connoisseur's vermouth. It does make a difference.



SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U S A
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New Mobil: It starts cleaning your engine in 1 mile.

Most people don't know much about what goes on under the hood of a car.

And they figure what they don't know can't hurt them. But it can. Take *dirt* in an engine, for example. It can form deposits on moving parts. If enough deposits build up, some of the parts stop moving.

And then you're stuck. At worst, 100 miles from home with nobody around to help you. At best, for a repair bill.)

To help keep this from happening to you, *both* Mobil Premium *and* Mobil Regular Gasoline have a Detergent that actually helps clean your engine *while* you drive. When you fill your tank with Mobil Detergent Gasoline, it begins cleaning your engine after you've driven just one mile.

It will clean a dirty carburetor. And keep it clean.

It will clean up a dirty oil screen.
It will help keep pistons and rings clean.
It will help keep intake valves clean.
It will help keep the cylinders clean.
It will even clean your engine's PCV valve.

[illegible] keep the [illegible]. And when you [illegible] cleaner [illegible].

The clean[illegible] line it will [illegible] will go [illegible] forget about [illegible] under the hood.

Next time [illegible] gasoline will into a Mobil Station.

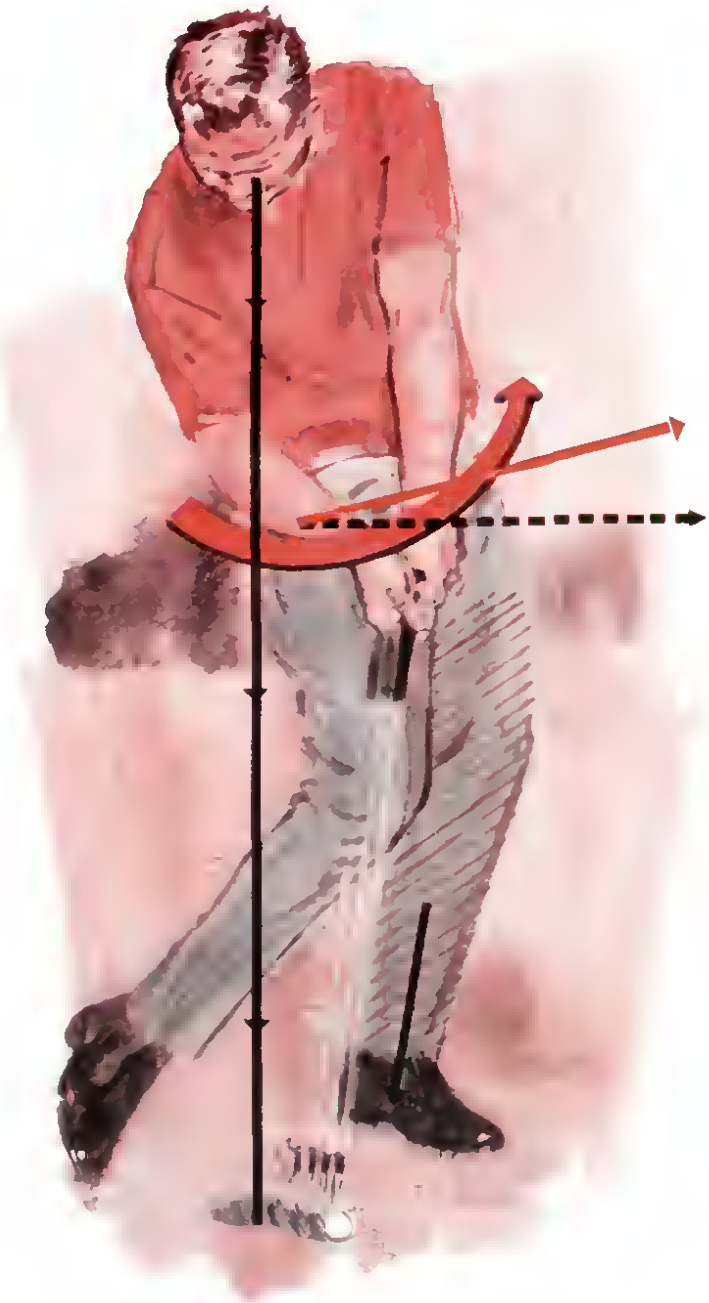
And start [illegible] mile after you've pulled out.

Mobil.
Detergent Gasoline

All swingers should be a little hippie

Unless your head and your hips are positioned properly at the exact moment of impact, there is little chance you will hit the golf ball the way you intended. Actually, the position of your head should not be a problem since it is constant during the swing. At address, your head should be slightly behind the ball—and it must stay there. The hips, however, are in motion throughout the swing, so they pose a different problem. At impact, they should be moved through the ball (past a parallel to the intended line of flight) and open to your target. Proper control of your hips at impact will insure 1) the correct shift of the majority of your weight onto your left side, and 2) the right shoulder movement. And all this helps you hit the shot you want.

FRANC S GOLDEN



At impact, the hips should be moved through the ball and open to your intended target.

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You learn not to get greedy

Experience paid off at the Olympic trials as two veterans, recalling past competitive errors, coolly carried through to victories based on finesse

Bobby Douglas sprang onto the red mat, his small, muscular torso tense. He had whipped through six elimination bouts in his 138.5-pound class at the Olympic wrestling trials in Ames, Iowa, and he had won his first match in the three-man round-robin finals. Now, across the mat, he faced Tom Huff, a tough and experienced wrestler from the Air Force, and this was the match that everyone wanted to see.

Under the complicated tournament system, all the wrestlers in each weight class competed against each other to determine the three best. These three then went against each other in a final round robin. All competitors started at zero. If a wrestler was pinned he got four black marks. A decision cost the loser three and the winner one, though if the winner in the decision clearly dominated he received only half a point. Each wrestler got two points in a draw.

Douglas came into the final round with only half a point against him (he had pinned five of his opponents and decisioned the other 15–0). The only other wrestler of the 187 men entered in the trials to reach the finals with less than one point against him was 250-pound Larry Kristoff, who had pinned all six of his opponents in the heavyweight elimination rounds. Then, in the round robin Kristoff was paired with his perennial rival, Curly Culp. They had met three times before, and Kristoff had won each time. "Experience is the big difference between us," Culp said. "I'm as strong as Larry, maybe stronger, but I haven't been wrestling long enough."

Kristoff has. He was seventh in the Tokyo Olympics, second in the World Games in 1966 and third behind a Bulgarian last year. "I don't want to make any excuses," said Kristoff, referring to the Bulgarian, "but we spent 30 hours flying to the tournament in New Delhi, India, and we arrived there at 4 in the morning. My first match was with the Bulgarian. I was leading 2–0, and then I ran out of gas."

In his match with Culp, Kristoff's experience paid off again. He had Culp in danger twice during the bout, and the crowd was yelling for a pin. But Kristoff, electing to take the win by a point decision, concentrated on a balanced attack and outpointed Culp.

"A very real part of experience in this game," Kristoff said afterward, "is to learn not to get greedy. A decision was all I needed, and I took it. I remember in the 1965 nationals I was leading 3–0 in a final match, with only 20 seconds to go. Everyone was yelling for a pin, so I went in for the takedown. When I got in there I said to myself, 'What are you doing in here, you stupid lug?' Before I knew it I was upside down surveying the ceiling."

With Culp out of the way, Kristoff stepped onto the mat for his final match looking like a slightly weary executive tidying up some last-minute business. He pinned Dale Stearns in 33 seconds. "This is my year," he said after the match. "This is *my* year. If I train hard, I can win the gold at Mexico as sure as I'm sitting here."

As for Douglas, before his final round-robin matches he lay sprawled on his bed at the Sheldon-Munn Hotel with a soft drink in his hand. "Yaaaa*hoooo*, Mountain *Dew*!" he yelled. "Man, I love this stuff." He took a big slug from the bottle pressed to his lips.

The room looked more like a combination locker room, trainer's room and whirlpool bath than a hotel suite. One wrestler was soaking his wracked body in the bathtub, and steam poured out through the partially open door. Sitting on the bed next to Douglas was Freddy Lett, the eventual winner in the 154.0-pound class, who was nursing his right eye with a bag of ice. "When you get through one of these tournaments," said



BOBBY DOUGLAS (RIGHT) CAME BACK AGAINST TOM HUFF TO TAKE 138.5-POUND CLASS

Lett, "man, you hurt from the top of your head to the bottom of your feet."

Lett took the ice pack away from his eye, which was red and puffed. He was in pain, and his eye was starting to drain. Douglas got up from the bed, found a clean handkerchief and taped it gently over Lett's eye to keep the light out. Lett had two more matches to fight, the first only two hours away and there wasn't any trainer on this trip.

Like Kristoff, Bobby Douglas feels that this will be his year. "The last match I lost was in the 1966 World Games," he says. "I was wrestling Kaneko from Japan and I was ahead 3–0, but I made a stupid mistake. I tried to stall and hang onto my lead. It took only a few seconds to change the whole complexion of the match."

He still had to beat Huff. Though both defeated NCAA champion Dan Gable in their first round-robin matches, Douglas had only decisioned Gable 11–1, whereas Huff had pinned him in 1:10. Yet Douglas was confident.

"Right before the match," said Bobby, evoking the prefight speeches of Muhammad Ali, "I'll sidle over to Tom and say, 'Hey, do you know I weigh 155?' and he'll start to protest and yell and say, 'Oh no, I ain't gonna wrestle no blob.' "

But when the match began, before Douglas knew what had happened, Huff had shot in, caught Douglas in a fireman's carry and thrown him to the mat. Huff was inches away from a pin, but Douglas had managed to get his elbow between himself and the mat before he fell and he squirmed himself free. Douglas was shaken. It was the first time he had been in trouble through the entire tournament.

Douglas came back in a whirlwind of arms and legs. Huff held him off, but finally Douglas found an opening and took Huff down to the mat. Huff was still leading, but he was about to learn the same lesson that Douglas had been taught by Kaneko in the World Games. "About the time I started thinking about a draw," Huff said after the match, "I found myself bridging on my back." It changed that fast, and Douglas went on to win the match by 7–5 and the Olympic trials.

"I'm going to celebrate," said Douglas, "and with something stronger than Mountain Dew."

The freestyle matches were over, but the trials for Greco-Roman, in which it is illegal for a wrestler to grab his opponent below the hips or grip him with his legs, were still to come. It is a paradox, but a wrestler like Douglas, who is better at Greco-Roman than he is in freestyle, prefers freestyle in the Olympics. The reason is, simply, that Americans are capable of winning in freestyle but are usually nowhere in the highly specialized Greco-Roman style. Most of the freestyle winners at Ames skipped the Greco-Roman matches, though after the final match-ups at the Olympic training camp later in the summer they may end up in Greco-Roman after all. Douglas and Huff, for prime examples, are our best in both styles, and the strongest U.S. team might have one of them in freestyle at Mexico City and the other in Greco-Roman.

And, as Larry Kristoff said in Ames, "If the freestyle winners leave now, it will give some of the other wrestlers a chance to make it to the Olympic camp." However, one winner, Jess Lewis, freestyle champion in the 213.5-pound class, stayed on and scored a rare double victory by taking the Greco-Roman 213.5 title, too. END



LARRY KRISTOFF WON HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE

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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Out on a limb, and in spades

The last time the Italians were beaten in a World Championship the French did it. This time, our expert predicts, an American team will win

A prophet," the Bible says, "is not without honor, save in his own country." I have long observed the wisdom of this counsel and refrained from making rash predictions. Nevertheless, I am prepared to offer two forecasts about this month's World Bridge Olympiad. First and perhaps safest is that the French team will not win, second, an American team will.

For this prognostication, I'm counting on a psychological edge and a semantic hedge. The last time the Italian Blue Team was defeated in a World Championship was by France in the Olympiad of 1960. The U.S. team nearly did it in the '64 Olympiad. This year we know the Italian Blues are older and we firmly believe our team is stronger. Instead of going into the championship with a sneaky subconscious feeling that Italy is invincible, our players have a feeling of supreme confidence. I, too, think they'll do it.

But even if our team comes a cropper, North America has a second string to its bow—a powerful Canadian team that should reach the semifinals as it did in 1964. My final hedge involves the separate women's World Olympiad championship, for which our gals were strong favorites even before the defending ladies from Great Britain withdrew in a quixotic gesture of support for the British reversal of the World Bridge Federation's cheating verdict against Terence Reese and Boris Schapiro.

To beat Italy this year we've added Bobby Jordan and Arthur Robinson of Philadelphia to the team that bowed in the '67 World Championship in Miami Beach, replacing Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela of Toronto, who will be playing for Canada. Jordan and Robinson shared the top-pair rating with Pietro Forquet and Benito Garozzo of Italy in the 1964 Olympiad. Edgar Kaplan and Norman Kay were rated as the best American pair in the 1967 World Championship; and the third pair—daring Alvin Roth, with his excellent foil, steady and sure Bill Root—goes into this year's affair with far more knowledge of the players and systems to be faced.

As to why the French will lose, the answer lies in part with their Team Trials. The French won in 1960 with Jais-Trezel, Bourchtoff-Delmouly and Ghestem-Bacherich. Jais-Trézel, probably the best French pair, couldn't spare the time for Trials play and didn't think they should have to. Bourchtoff-Delmouly, whose partnership was broken up for quite a while, are back in action and made the

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ A Q
♥ 10 8 7 3
♦ K J 8
♣ A K 9 5

WEST
♠ 8
♥ A J 6 5 4 2
♦ 10 6 2
♣ 10 7 6

EAST
♠ J 7 4 3
♥ K Q 9
♦ 9 5 4
♣ J 3 2

SOUTH
♠ K 10 9 6 5 2
♥ –
♦ A Q 7 3
♣ Q 8 4

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	1 N T	PASS
2 ♦	PASS	2 ♥	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	2N T	PASS
3 ♣	PASS	3 ♦	PASS
3 ♥	PASS	4 ♣	PASS
4 ♥	PASS	4N T	PASS
5 ♦	PASS	5 ♥	PASS
6 ♠	PASS	7 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead, ace of hearts

present team. Ghestem didn't play in the Trials at all. Bacherich played with another partner and didn't make it.

This year's Olympiad imposes drastic penalties for failure to complete a match in the allotted time, so perhaps the old Ghestem-Bacherich combination, which had earned a well-deserved reputation as "the snails" because they play the time-consuming "Relay" system, would be a liability to the present team. Ghestem, who originated the Relay system, admitted they were slow. But he said it was because they had something to think about.

The system allows extremely light opening bids with safety and permits opener's partner to take complete control as long as he makes a "relay"—in most cases, the lowest possible bid over partner's last. When the right hand does come along, Relay permits an extremely accurate exchange of information. Here is the system in tortoiselike action.

It took nine rounds of bidding but when it was over, North, whose every bid but the last was a demand for more information, had an exact picture of South's hand. North's first four bids were relays.

South's spade opening showed at least a five-card suit. His diamond rebid showed a second suit. His spade rebid was what the French call a *coup de frein*, a putting on of the brakes, announcing a weak opening bid. His club bid showed a three-card fragment, and North now could place 12 of South's 13 cards. The 13th became clear—a sixth spade—when South's three-heart bid showed a void.

Having ascertained the exact distribution of South's hand, North began to call for a showing of the high cards by his ace-asking bid of four clubs. Four hearts showed one ace, and when North then asked again, five diamonds announced one king. Five hearts, another relay, asked for queens, and six clubs showed two. Since South's bidding had announced a void in hearts, his king could only be the king of spades and his queens must be in the minor suits. North's seven-spade bid risked only that South did not have the spade jack and that trumps would split badly. This was the case, but it was no problem for a player of international caliber.

South ruffed the heart opening and played dummy's two high trumps, disclosing the bad trump split, but South fortunately found favorable distribution of the side suits. He ruffed a second heart, then cashed three top diamonds and three top clubs, ending in dummy. On the lead of dummy's good 9 of clubs, East was couped. Discarding a heart would only postpone the inevitable. With the lead in dummy at the 12th trick, South would have the king-10 of spades behind East's guarded jack, and no matter how East played he could not win a trick. So East ruffed the fourth round of clubs, South overruffed, drew East's last trump and won the grand slam with his queen of diamonds. END

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At athletic facilities built for black workers at Ebamon Gold Mine, a cycling course encircles the running track. The grandstand is reserved for

Here is an on-the-scene report from South Africa made after the decision to bar that country from the Mexico City Olympic Games—on the status of the black athlete in his apartheid world

A Flare in the Dark

by TEX MAULE





whites, who also act (below) as meet officials. This 800-meter race was won by Humphrey Khosi (162), South Africa's outstanding black runner.

Paul Nash, the world's fastest white man, won the 100-meter dash in a meeting of South African champions at Potchefstroom in the western Transvaal a few weeks ago. Some 7,000 whites and two Bantu watched him overtake a good field —all white—to win easily by a couple of yards in 10.2 seconds. A month before, the victory would have insured his selection on the South African Olympic team. As it was it meant only that he was still the best sprinter, black or white, in Africa.

A week later, at the Libanon Gold Mine Stadium, which is 30 miles from Johannesburg and halfway between that city and Potchefstroom, Joseph Leserwane, a tall, slender Bantu who works as a mine clerk and wears a rather sparse Vandyke beard, won the South African nonwhite 100-meter championship in 10.3 seconds, helped along by a very brisk wind.

The crowd watching Leserwane was multiracial and about evenly divided between black and white. The whites sat in a small grandstand at *continued*



the finish lines, and the blacks crowded against the wire fences on either side of the stands, perched on the sloped green turf which makes a shallow bowl of the stadium. All of the officials at Potchefstroom and Libanon were white.

Aside from speed afoot, Nash and Leserwane share one other thing: both are bitterly disappointed by the recent action of the International Olympic Committee which denied them a chance to compete in Mexico City. Said Leserwane, very softly, after his victory, "I was the sahddest mahn in Ahfrica when I heard the news. All of the strength left my legs and the heart went out of me. But it is not so bahd for me as for some of the others. I am a young mahn of 21 years, and I will still be in my prime in 1972, if we are admitted then. I have donc 46.9 in the 400 meters, and I am sure to do much better, so I will keep trying and hoping. But I am very sorry for a mahn like Humphrey Khosi. He has no more chahnce."

Nash was neither as articulate nor as friendly as Leserwane. In recent months he has four times tied the world record of 10 seconds flat in the 100 meters (three times with the assistance of a following wind), but a pulled musele hampered his training before this meeting.

"I don't have to apologize for a 10.2," he said. "I lost my edge when my training went off after the injury."

"What was your reaction to the rejection of South Africa by the IOC?" he was asked.

"No political questions," he said angrily.

"Had you looked forward to competing with the American sprinters in Mexico City?"

"I don't look forward to competing with anyone," he said. "A competitor is just a competitor to me. I expect to beat them all, but if one beats me on a certain day he's the better man on that day and that's that." He slipped a sweater over a T shirt with "UCLA Bruins" on the front, a souvenir of a trip to the U.S.

"Were you disappointed at being barred from competing in the Olympics?"

"No political questions," he said bluntly and turned abruptly and walked away.

Brian Davis, who won the 400 meters in 46.9 in something of an upset, was more philosophical about the IOC action than Nash. After his victory, Davis peeled off his sweaty uniform shirt in the infield, earning a severe reprimand from an official who objected to his baring his chest before the crowd. He put on a red sweat suit with "Lamar Tech" in white letters across the back and sat down on the grass.

"We were all disappointed," he said, cheerfully enough. "Paul more than anyone else, I guess. He's really a very pleasant chap, you know, but he's been bugged so much about this. It's not so bad for me. I competed for South Africa in the Rome Olympics in 1960, got a four-year scholarship to Lamar Tech in Beaumont, Texas out of it and thoroughly enjoyed myself there. I've had my fling. I guess I really feel most sorry for the blacks. They were finally going to get their opportunity in sports, and it created an enormous interest among them. John Short, one of the white men who sometimes coaches the nonwhites, tells me that participation doubled and tripled after the announcement at Grenoble that South Africa had been readmitted. And the white athletes were happy for them. Sportsmen are not concerned with color. If it had turned out on merit that the team was all black, that would have been all right. But it's all political now, isn't it? This is what all of Africa wanted before, and now they have turned it down. It must be heartbreaking for a man like Humphrey Khosi. He's 29 now, I think, and he has nothing to look forward to."

Davis is the visitors' manager for the South African Foundation, a public-relations organization dedicated to improving the South African image abroad. He shepherds visiting brass through South Africa, arranging speeches and public appearances for them.

"Khosi was one of the very few blacks who had recorded an Olympic qualifying time," he said. "But we would have taken some of them, anyway. Even if no one in a country has made the qualifying time in an event, you are still allowed to take one competitor in that event, and we would have taken some blacks. I myself trained hard and bulled ahead for this Olympics, but I have been there before. I'm not saying the Olympics is old hat to me. It's not. But my shock at missing this one can't compare with Khosi's."

Khosi is South Africa's best black track athlete. He has done 1:47.9 for the 800 meters, and he was an almost certain choice to represent the Springboks at Mexico City. At Libanon Gold Mine he ran 800 meters in 1:50.2, a respectable time considering the wind and the cold.

"You must understand," a white official said after Khosi's run, "the Africans cannot perform well on a chilly day, because of their black skin. They are black because their skin must absorb heat so that they do their best in warm weather. They are not accustomed to warming up as long as white athletes, either. So Khosi, under the circumstances, has done very well."

Khosi is a welfare officer at Harmony Mine, about 100 miles from the Libanon Gold Mine. He works with other black athletes and does not go into the mines himself. He is a slight, finely trained man who does not look his 29 years. His quick smile is flawed by a gap in his front teeth.

"I was terribly disappointed by being put out of the Olympics," he said after his race. His voice, like Leserwane's, is very soft, almost apologetic. "We had worked hard after Grenoble and made progress. I missed Tokyo when we were banned, and now I will miss Mexico City, and I will be too old for 1972. I will retire before then."

Khosi has been in charge of athletics at the Harmony Mine since 1965 and earns about $100 a month, well above the usual mine pay for blacks. He brought a 40-man team with him to this meet by bus, under the supervision of a white official. The athletes among the blacks come, for the most part, from the 600,000 mine workers who are employed along the Gold Reef, which ex-



Disappointed Khosi says, "I will be too old for the 1972 Olympics. I will retire before then."

tends through Johannesburg and for miles in each direction beyond it. The square, mesalike hills of mine diggings dot the countryside all along the road from Johannesburg to Potchefstroom.

The president of the nonwhite athletic association in South Africa is a bluff, genial white man named Bill Stenhouse, who is the compound manager for the Libanon Gold Mine. The mine workers sign contracts for from a year to 18 months, and they earn an average of 30 rand ($42) a month for working below. During the life of the contract they are restricted to the mine property and live in the compounds, 18 or 20 to a room, sleeping on bunks like shelves along the walls, each with a small locker for his personal belongings. Part of the 30 rand goes to the worker's family in his home *kraal*. Part is saved. Part goes to buy *kaffir* beer when he is off shift. The men work eight-hour shifts, but the mine shafts go down as deep as 10,000 feet and a worker on the shift starting at 8 a.m. may have to leave his bunk at 4 a.m. and wait for two or three hours before he gets down to his working level, and he must spend the same time to get back to the surface. Their food is mealie meal and meat, scientifically worked out so that the mine workers get the proper proportion of vitamins and minerals. Even the *kaffir* beer is, in effect, a health food: it is made from maize, the *kaffir* corn, and, although it is intoxicating, it is healthy, too.

Stenhouse, watching a western Transvaal runner coast home in a 400-meter trial heat, nodded his head approvingly.

"I noticed that lad a couple of years ago," he said. "Fine prospect, I think. I brought him up out of the mines and gave him a surface job, and he has improved tremendously. I think in time he will be a champion."

Most of the mine athletes—in track and field, cycling, boxing or whatever—are resurrected from the mines so that they have adequate time for training. And the training facilities are magnificent. The stadium at Libanon is actually better than the township stadium at Potchefstroom, where the white meeting was held. The tracks are about the same—both red clay and sand, both very fast, both nine-lanes wide. Around the outside of the track at Libanon is a banked cement cycling track. At the meet for the South African nonwhite championships, cycling races on the cement track went on at the same time as the foot races, and a white public-address announcer devoted most of his time to the cycling. The black spectators listened to his Harry Wismer breathless-and-excited commentary with vast relish and cheered louder for the cyclists than they did for the runners. Most blacks are cyclists from the time they can ride, and cycling is a big sport for them.

"The mines provide the bicycles," Stenhouse explained. "They cost about 80 rand apiece, more than a Bantu can afford. They are the best racing cycles we can find."

At the noon break at Libanon the white officials and coaches were served a curry lunch and drinks in a large, bright room in one of the mine-company buildings. They were universally friendly, jovial and uncomprehending of the IOC. Matt Maré is the president of the South African Amateur Athletic Union, a big man in his late 50s, with a small gray mustache and the look of an English empire builder who has just returned from India. Like most of his white compatriots, he was shocked at the action of the IOC.

"I think our basic reaction is to prove damn well that we have world-class athletes," he said. "You know, the blacks

continued

in South Africa have turned against the blacks in the rest of Africa because of their boycott. Now they feel the only friends they have left are the South African whites. And they may be right."

He demonstrated his friendship for the Bantu when the meeting began again at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The white African sun failed to kill the chill in the air, and the brisk wind made the athletes huddle together for warmth. Maré spoke for about 10 minutes into a microphone on the infield. When he had finished, a Bantu interpreter, struggling to remember all that Maré had said, translated his speech for the Bantu in about six minutes. There was very little applause.

"I have come here, together with the other white officials, because I want to be here," Maré said. "As you can see, we have a keen interest in nonwhite athletics, and we want to help you and see that you do well. You were told two years ago that when you grew up and became mature enough to handle your own affairs in sports, then we would turn them over to you. I think that that time has arrived, and I'm sure I am right. Good luck to all of you."

When he had finished, a white starter lined up the entrants in a heat of the 110-meter high hurdles and the white officials climbed the steps of the judging stand to judge the finish. The hurdlers, awkward and obviously not well coached, knocked down most of the hurdles in this heat and later it was run over again.

To one side of the little group of officials on the infield near the microphone was a small black man in a somewhat dilapidated overcoat, his right hand encased in a grimy white bandage. He was Eddie Sono, vice-president (under Stenhouse) of the nonwhite athletic organization and a former black sprint champion. He is a schoolteacher in a Bantu school and the top black sports official affiliated with the white sports structure. He listened to Maré's speech impassively.

When it was over, he turned to offer his left hand in greeting to a writer and listened carefully to his question. No one interfered with the interview or eavesdropped.

"I don't understand the other African nations," Sono said. "South Africa did what they wanted them to do. The other people were not telling the truth. They said in 1964 that they would not admit us because we, the nonwhites, were not on the team. Now we are on, and still we are not admitted. We South African blacks are bitter toward the other African nations. We have made great progress, and they stopped it. We feel they should have said, 'Thank you. You have done what we asked.' But instead of that they said, 'No, you still can't compete.' Who can tell what they want? But we will work on and hope for the best."

Khosi, huddled in his warmup suit, sat on a small stool nearby, trying to keep warm.

"I don't understand these people," he said in his almost inaudible voice. "They said they were fighting for us in international competition. Now we have made this step forward, and, instead of supporting us and saying good, they boycott. They should say, 'This is progress. Now let us wait and see how it works out.' They have put us right back where we started. You cannot do all at once. You must take a step at a time, and they have not let us take the first step."

Although the first step taken by the South African Olympic Committee, under the guidance of Frank Braun, the president and the most influential single man in South Africa on sports, is a minstep by most standards, it was a giant step in short—in the context of the South African racial structure. To realize this, it might be well to note some of the things that happened in South Africa during the week between the meeting at Potchefstroom for whites and the meeting at the Libanon Gold Mine Stadium for blacks.

- A 24-year-old white railway clerk named John O'Brien and a 25-year-old African, Nellie Tlaitlai, were found guilty in Johannesburg's magistrate court of contravening the immorality act. Each was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The immorality act forbids any white having sexual relationship with any black. If a foreign visitor becomes too friendly with an African of the opposite sex, he is summarily ejected.
- The South African government moved to deny the colored population their minimal representation in the National Assembly—four seats for white men representing the colored. The bill has no effect on the blacks (colored, as distinguished from blacks, are half-castes)

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERRY CRANHAM



Matt Maré, president of the South African AAU, made a 10-minute speech to black athletes.

Mr. Quesenberry is advisor to both individual and institutional investors, and also teaches investing. He has a [illegible] cable NML life insurance program



IRVIN W. QUESENBERRY, *Asst. Vice President, Todd-Boston Company, Inc., investment counseling, Louisville, Ky.*

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NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE—MILWAUKEE

since the blacks have no representation or vote of any kind anyway. Further, no white speaker can address an audience that is predominantly nonwhite, and vice versa.

• Three award-winning movies were banned in South Africa during the week – *Bonnie and Clyde*, *In the Heat of the Night* and *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*.

• An 18-year-old girl, Louise Schloms, was fined 300 rand (or 150 days in prison) for selling a copy of a banned record called *Folk on Trek* to a police sergeant, who had come into the shop to trap her. The record contained a mention of the Pill, with a double meaning.

• The government began to implement a new policy of moving 4 million of the 6 million blacks in the major cities back to their homelands if they were not "economically active." The black homelands make up 13% of South Africa, and the blacks not "economically active," *i.e.*, the blacks who do not have jobs in the urban area, would have small chance surviving. The law would arbitrarily separate a Bantu man who is jobless from his wife if she had a job as a domestic in Johannesburg.

• Finally, the Minister of Labor threatened to deregister the Trade Union Council of South Africa, a combination of trade unions recognized by the government, if it insisted on continuing its affiliation with a few black trade unions. Deregistration would, of course, destroy the unions.

So, in this atmosphere of escalating separation of the races, coupled with complete subjugation of the blacks, the move by the South African Olympic Committee to permit a multiracial team to live together, travel together and represent their country in Mexico City was ostensibly radical.



Frank Braun, South African Olympic leader, is headmaster of a school near Johannesburg.

If one man in South Africa can be said to be most responsible for the tiny crack in the granite wall of *apartheid*, he is Frank Braun, president of the South African Olympic and National Games Association. Braun is an ebullient, energetic man in his 50s who has been headmaster of the white Leicester Road School in suburban Johannesburg for 30 years, head of the South African Amateur Boxing Association for nearly as long and the president of the Olympic group for years.

His office at the Leicester Road School is big and bright and airy. Along one wall is a long bookcase, stuffed with books on Africa and with novels for teenagers on the order of the Rover Boys or Jack Armstrong. On the top of the bookcase is a rank of silver trophies for achievement in sports by the intraschool teams. Athletics is a major part of the curriculum for the 550 young boys and girls who attend the school.

"The action by the executive committee in Lausanne came as a complete shock to me," Braun said one morning in his office at the Leicester Road School. "When Avery Brundage came down here to visit us before going to Lausanne he said that he would resign rather than okay an unfair judgment. This judgment was not only unfair, it was illegal."

He rummaged in a manila folder for a document. "Here," he said, "read this. This is an opinion by a firm of American attorneys employed by Mr. Brundage. He brought this to me. We had had an independent opinion from attorneys here, and the two opinions agree. Read it."

The opinion of the attorneys was summarized in the first paragraph of the letter.

"Dear Mr. Brundage:

"You have asked our opinion with respect to the question whether the action of the International Olympic Committee officially inviting the South African Olympic Committee to send a team to the Olympic Games to be held in Mexico City in October, 1968 can be rescinded. Our opinion that such a rescission would be invalid without an amendment to the rules and regulations of the Olympic Games is based on interpretation of the clear language of those rules. It is our further opinion that a revocation at this late date of the promise that the South African team will be permitted to participate in the 1968 Games would be a clear violation of accepted contract law."

continued











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The body of the letter cites precedents for the legal opinion In the conclusion, the document states, " any motion to rescind that invitation would be clearly out of order Even if such a vote were taken, it would have no effect on the enforceability of the contract already created."

"You see, then, that we could, I suppose, take legal action to enforce our acceptance at Mexico City," Braun said "Possibly we could secure an injunction or sue for damages to repay us for the time and money we have already spent in making preparations to compete But, of course, we will not We will go ahead with our program. We will send a 50-man multiracial team to Australia early in January, and they will compete against the Australian and the New Zealand Olympic teams We still have to prove to the world that we will keep our word Incidentally, I have heard that the black African nations plan to vote against New Zealand as the site for the Empire Games if they send a team to compete with us in Australia "

He stood up and walked to the bookcase and examined the trophies They had just been polished and some of them replaced face to the wall, and he turned them around

"I suppose I should have had an inkling of what would happen," he said "When Mr Brundage was here I gave him a provisional list of athletes who would compete in Mexico City The team would have had about 70 whites and 10 or 12 blacks. We were prepared to bend over backward to include blacks on the team Half of the boxing team would have blacks, and we would have had two black cyclists and probably five black trackmen, although only one had reached Olympic standards I think more would have, because the blacks got down to serious training after Grenoble, when we were invited What it boils down to is that we would have had probably 12 black athletes from three sports and about 70 whites from 17 sports."

He sat down again and called to a Bantu servant in the hall.

"Would you like tea?" he asked and then told the Bantu to prepare it

"Now, Brundage knew all this," he said "We had everything required of us They were to be picked by a multiracial committee, six nonwhites, six whites The recommendations, sport by sport, were to be made by multiracial committees in the sports They would travel together, have their accommodations together, wear the same uniform We had planned that a nonwhite would carry the South African flag in the opening ceremonies and a white at the close of the Games Still, Mr Brundage hinted to me when he was here that it might be the diplomatic thing to withdraw, in order to avoid any possible violence or injury to athletes "

He laughed

"You know what I told him? I said, 'Mr Brundage, I would rather be shot in Mexico City than lynched in Johannesburg.' I shouldn't have been able to show my face in South Africa had I agreed to withdraw *from* the Games "

A bell rang and Braun glanced at his watch

"You'll have to pardon this interruption," he said He held up a small stack of cards. "These are the cards of people who have done something wrong and had their privileges taken away Before they can be restored they have to do a piece of excellent work. Any student in the school who has done excellent work brings it in to me during this half hour so that I can inspect it. Perhaps one of these will be among them." He shuffled the cards quickly and counted them. "Only 11 out of 550," he said smiling "That's not too bad."

He reached in a desk drawer and brought out a bowl of hard candies, which he placed on the desk A few small girls had come in the office and were queued up, waiting for him to notice them He examined their notebooks, one by one, saying, "Fine work Beautiful. Really excellent " He had a small rubber stamp with which he stamped each page "Excellent," then the girl or boy, later—walked behind his desk and took a hard candy from the bowl and left. But none retrieved a card.

When he had finished he stood up and said, "Would you like to see the school? We are rather proud of it"

The swimming pool is named for Ann Fairlie, a South African swimming champion who attended Leicester Road School It is a 25-meter pool and a handsome one Below the date palms on the front lawn of the school is a soccer field of red dirt, crowded with youngsters wearing blazers with the school coat of arms on the breast pocket "We thought of putting down turf," Braun said, "but the lads must have dirt to play marbles, mustn't they?" He stood looking out over the field

"You know Brundage and I were at Kruger National Park when he suggested that I withdraw South Africa I have been there 56 times Each year I take the graduating class for a week on a bus It's a study tour, and they work hard and keep a diary and have to do a book on it when they get back One mother asked her little girl about the trip and the child said, 'It's work, work, work, all the time and then we come back to camp and have to write up the diary. While we are doing that, Mr Braun sits in the shade of a tree and waves a Scotch and soda and says, "This is the life"' "

He laughed heartily, and then his face turned solemn

"This *is* the life," he said, "only 550 youngsters to worry about Only 11 problems at the moment

"Well," he said "The action at Lausanne was purely political, wasn't it? We have had trouble with the Russians before I remember before the 1964 Olympics, when I was presenting my case at a meeting I talked for about 45 minutes I had an African sportsman with me When I finished, Mr Andrianov, the Russian delegate, said, 'Why don't you let the black man speak? Are you afraid he will tell us the truth?' So the African spoke for 30 minutes and backed up what I had said and was applauded when he sat down The next time I saw Andrianov, we had been banned He rushed up to me, smiling, and said, 'Mr Braun! Where is your tame black man?' Couldn't you catch him?' I said, 'No, he got away And there wasn't time to train another one since we have to cut

continued



Sport exiles from South Africa include Reginald Hlongwane and sympathizer Chris de Broglio

off their tails and teach them to speak, you know.'

"Do you realize that of the 33 African nations which boycotted, only 22 had any Olympic affiliation? The other 10 or 11 were boycotting something they could not compete in. And the Russians did not come to the meeting with clean hands. We had a communication from the Ukraine. Russia is a multiracial nation, but they had only three Ukrainians in Tokyo. These people are complaining. How can Russia object to us? The worst thing about what the IOC has done is what it means in the future. How about Egypt? Suppose someone complains because there are no Jews on the Egyptian team?

"Andrianov objected once that there were no African yachtsmen on our Olympic team. I asked him if there were any Russian street sweepers sailing Russia's Olympic yachts. 'We are not talking about Russia,' he said. 'We are discussing South Africa.' Well, we have no African swimmers, either. Some sports the African is not suited for. In swimming the water closes their pores so that they cannot get rid of carbon dioxide and they tire quickly. But they are great boxers and cyclers and runners.

"We have had disaffected black sportsmen here. After we were accepted at Grenoble, I set up a meeting with them to try to sort out our differences. We wanted all blacks to have a chance, but some of their organizations had no affiliation with the Olympic organization and so were not eligible."

One of these organizations was the South African Non-Racial Open Committee, headed at one time by Dennis Brutus. At an earlier meeting, according to Braun, Brutus had been under personal restrictions because of what the South African government called Communist activity. One of the restrictions was that he could not address a gathering of more than six persons.

"The meeting was set for the Olympic office," Braun said. "The head of the SAN-ROC delegation at the time was a man named John Harris, who had succeeded Brutus. When I arrived I found that Brutus was there. It was illegal for him to speak to a meeting this large, and I told him so. I said, 'Dennis, you know that you cannot speak to this meeting. Will you please leave?' Harris said that Brutus was there only to introduce us all, since he knew everyone. But I could have done the same thing. I knew everyone there. But before anything could take place, the special forces came in and arrested Brutus and took him away for breaking the law. I have been accused of having tipped them off, but that would have served no purpose. I think myself that Harris tipped off the special forces simply to create a disturbance and a martyr. I certainly did not."

Brutus was subsequently released on bail, escaped to Rhodesia and later returned to South Africa.

"He came back on his own," Braun said. "I don't quite know why. But he was picked up at the border and brought in to be booked since he had left the country illegally and had jumped bail. Two police officers brought him to the station in a car and, when they had parked and one of them had gone to the boot to get Brutus' bag, he suddenly made a break for it. If he had submitted to being quietly booked he probably would have been banned from South Africa, and nothing would have happened to him. But when he ran, another police officer saw him and fired. The bullet ricocheted off a wall and hit him in the stomach. Eventually, he was given 18 months in prison and then exiled."

Upon his release from Robben Island, the black prison camp, Brutus was given an exit permit on condition that he never return to South Africa. He now lives in London, where he is once again the head of SAN-ROC and of other organizations concerned with racial freedom. He was in Lausanne when the Olympic Executive Committee met, with Reginald Hlongwane, who is the secretary of SAN-ROC. Hlongwane also lives in London, where he works as an accountant.

Hlongwane is a big man, a Zulu. He was a middle-heavyweight weight lifter in South Africa and worked out in one of the few multiracial gymnasiums in Johannesburg. The gymnasium was a small place at the home of Chris de Broglio, a white man who was once a weight-

lifting champion and who worked for a French airline in Johanneshurg before he, too, was invited to leave the country.

In London last month Hlongwane said, "We were not Communists." De Broglio said, "Oh, we were Communists by their definition. Anyone who does anything to promote multiracial sports is doing something to break down *apartheid*, and that is Communistic. But we had no Communist affiliations."

Hlongwane was raised in Alexander, a small Bantu township nine miles from the center of Johannesburg. He went through high school and attended college, but all the courses were taught in Zulu. "It is difficult to make use of accounting courses taught in Zulu," he said. "But that is what they insist. So that a man will remain with his tribe, all courses are taught in the tribal languages. We Africans could not communicate with each other, since there are 18 tribal dialects in South Africa."

De Broglio got Hlongwane a job as an accountant with the French airline and helped him with his weight training. Though Hlongwane worked in Johannesburg he had to reside outside the city. All the black labor force in Johannesburg, with the exception of domestics living on the premises of their employers, must live outside in designated black areas.

"All nonwhites must carry a book of passes with them," Hlongwane said. "You must have a pass to work in Johannesburg, a pass to travel back and forth, a pass to be on the street. It was one mile from where I lived to my bus stop, and I would be stopped 18 to 20 times by police to show my passes in that walk. In Johannesburg, on the walk to work, I just held up my book of passes open because I was stopped so often I could not count the times."

As for De Broglio, although he was harried by the special police, who visited the airlines office and asked that he be fired, he ran into no difficulty with the law for operating his multiracial gymnasium. "But finally the pressure grew too much," De Broglio explained, "and I left and came to England."

continued



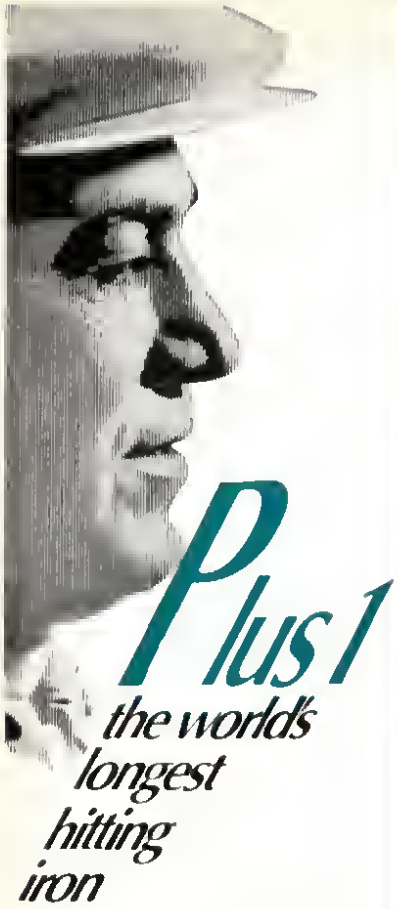
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De Broglio, being white, could resist the police pressure for a time, but Hlongwane could not. He was forced to resign from the airline, and then the special police came for him under a law that allowed any magistrate to sign a warrant for arrest and 90-day detention without a trial of any kind. At the end of 90 days the prisoner could be released and rearrested for another 90 days, and so oo.

"I was at my house when they came," Hlongwane said. "There were five of them. I asked if I could go next door and tell my parents what was happening. I was acting very relaxed and it was just across the way, so they let me go. I told my mother, and she began to scream and all, and then I remembered a small window in the back of the house. I crawled through that and ran away."

With no papers and no passport, Hlongwane had a long and dangerous 15-month trip to England. "I had no money, but when I got across the border I cabled Chris, who was living in London by then, and he sent me £24. I worked in Zambia for months and finally saved the money to get to England. I can never go back to South Africa again, and I have to write to my parents through a third party.

"Dennis Brutus was nearly killed for being the leader of SAN-ROC," Hlongwane added. "The time he was arrested when meeting Frank Braun, the special police came from the office next to Mr. Braun's. When he jumped bail to leave the country he went to Salisbury and got an English-Rhodesian passport. Later he was picked up at the Portuguese East African border by the Portuguese police. He was questioned by them for 48 hours and then he was put in a van and carried back to South Africa, where he was turned over to the South African police.

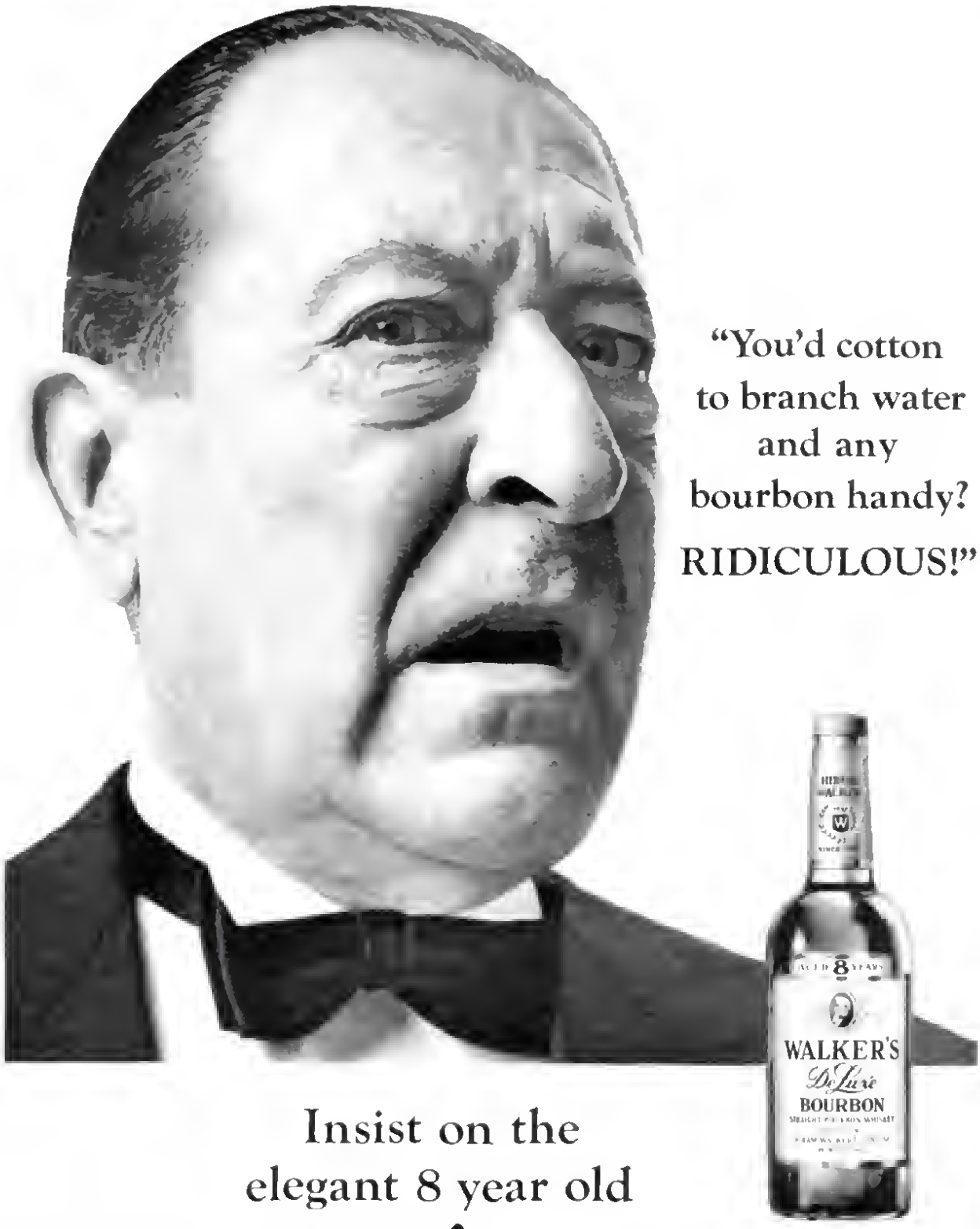
"He was afraid. No one knew he was back in South Africa but the police. He was afraid of what they might do to him, and no one would know. So he tried to get away at the station when they parked the car. He jumped on a bus, but the bus driver pushed him off right on top of one of the policemen. When he got up, the policeman shot him in the stomach. That bullet did not ricochet."

Brutus was succeeded as head of SAN-ROC by John Harris, the man Frank Braun says was the one who may have tipped off the special police. "I know I have been accused of setting up a trap for Brutus," Braun said in South Africa, "but I did not even know he would be there until I arrived. I warned him to leave. Of course, you know that Harris himself was executed not long after. He left a suitcase with a bomb in it in the care of an old lady in the main railroad station. It exploded and killed the old woman and scalped a little girl with her. Harris admitted the whole thing. He said he did it to bring attention to the condition of the blacks in South Africa. He was an out-and-out Communist. When I heard about the explosion I told my wife that I thought John Harris was involved. I did not call the police, but I was not surprised when he was arrested and convicted."

It is hard to believe that Braun, who is wholly involved with sport and not at all with politics, would connive at trapping Brutus or anyone else. And he has done almost all he can to make South Africa acceptable to the Olympic movement, even when it meant going against the grain of the government policy. Still, it was no great rebellion, since the country at large was eager to compete in the Olympics and since there is no law in South Africa forbidding interracial competition between athletes at the amateur level. There *is* a law forbidding professional matches between black and white boxers but it does not affect amateurs, and there is no law of any kind concerning multiracial games with black and white in other sports.

Indeed, in March of this year, near Johannesburg, an all-white soccer team played a team of Indians, Africans and coloreds on a pitch near a main road on a Sunday afternoon. It was the first truly multiracial match in South Africa in some years, and it was not disturbed by the police. Before rain halted play after 70 minutes the nonwhite team had built a 4–0 lead, and there had been no

continued



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fouls, no arguments, no friction. The white side played a man short, with 10.

The Natal Supreme Court gave tacit approval to multiracial sport in a 1962 decision. Players in a multiracial soccer game had been arrested for "occupying" the playing field, which was in an area zoned exclusively for Indian occupation under the Group Areas Act. It was determined that while the players concerned had played a game on the grounds they had not occupied a club-house or been present in any building on the ground. The case was dismissed.

So Braun could legally have called for multiracial trials, as long as he set the trials in a venue not under the Group Areas Act – that is, a stadium in an open area. There are such venues in South Africa, although they are rare. But Braun would have come under enormous pressure from the government had he tried this, and it is not inconceivable that he might have lost his cherished job as headmaster at Leicester Road School.

The attitude of the more than 3 million whites in South Africa who control the 15-odd million blacks and coloreds is not a liberal one. Not long ago John Schimmel, an industrialist who has made millions in prefabricated building, bought a colt at the annual auction in Johannesburg. He paid 25,500 rand, or more than $35,000, an all-time record price for a South African colt. After the auction he celebrated with a few drinks, a modest enough operation in Johannesburg, where a vodka and tonic costs the equivalent of only 30¢. After going over the fine points of his colt, Schimmel pondered the race problem in South Africa.

"You must realize," he said, "that biologically the blacks are an inferior race. What did they do with South Africa for a thousand bloody years? They have no creative ability, no drive. They are like children who must be led. I expect we should do more for them, but one-man one-vote would never work here. How many blacks do you have in America? One in nine, I should think. Here it is 3½ to 1 in favor of the blacks. They do not know the issues. They only want to eat, sleep and get enough to drink. If they were to govern, we would be living in trees and caves within five years. It would be impossible."

A friend at the bar nodded agreement.

"We educate them," he said, "up to a level. We do not want a few highly educated blacks going back to the *kraals* and starting trouble. We would like to keep them at the same educational level – maybe fourth form [high school junior] – and move them up gradually. In a hundred years they may be ready to vote."

This attitude is ingrained in almost all white South Africans, and in the face of it the agreement to field a multiracial team even without multiracial trials was surprising. But it was only the flare of a match lit in a black wilderness, and it did little, really, to lighten the path of the black man in sports or elsewhere.

"It was no help," Hlongwane said in London. "They would let us fly in the same plane, live in the same hotel, wear the same coat when we leave the country. We can do that anyway. The South African white man is often a liberal away from his country. But he is not so at home. Training with whites in South Africa I found that the Afrikaner felt he should not be working with me at all, and the Englishman accepted me with a subtle sense of superiority. Mostly, we are ignored. The white papers carry no stories of our athletics events. The government is a major obstacle, but the South African Olympic Committee is hiding behind the government. It is no better to put blacks on the team for show than it is to exclude them."

Article I of the fundamental principles of the Olympic Games says, "No discrimination is allowed against any country or person on grounds of race, religion or political affiliation." By stretching a point, you can ignore the political structure of a nation. But the blatant discrimination in South Africa against the black athlete, who has few playing fields outside the gold mines, where he is an indentured laborer, and who has no real freedom, cannot be ignored. The flare of the match in the black wilderness is a long way from the ever burning torch of the Olympic Games. END

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Two weeks ago [illegible] Catcher Elrod Hendricks was [illegible] for a pinch hitter and [illegible] the replacement responded with a home run. Last week Hendricks turned the tables. Pinch-hitting in the ninth inning, he slugged one out of Memorial Stadium. It was the Orioles' fourth pinch homer in the last 11 games. All four were the winning runs as the Birds moved back into second place, just one game off the lead. NEW YORK'S (6-1) pitching staff threw consecutive, extra-inning 1-0 shutouts and held the opposition to just 13 runs all week as the Yankees moved out of the cellar and up to a tie for sixth. For the first time this year MINNESOTA (4-2) Manager Cal Ermer decided he had nine men who were qualified to play a full nine innings together. In that game, a 1-0 win over the Red Sox, Ermer inserted no replacements but sat back, instead, to watch recuperating Jim Kaat pitch his first complete game of the year. CALIFORNIA'S (4-3) All-Star Shortstop Jim Fregosi (.333 BA for the week) broke out of a slump, hit a single, double, triple and homer in the Angels' first game last week and knocked in the winning run in the 11th inning. DETROIT (2-3) had Denny McLain's pitching two wins to run his season's record to 7-1 to smile about and little else. Al Kaline was knocked out of action by a pitch that fractured his arm. Then the Tigers got into a Sunday brawl with the Athletics and Jim Northrup was ejected. With the injured Willie Horton already out of that game, the Tigers played without their starting outfield and lost, cutting their league lead to one game. OAKLAND (3-2) Pitcher Jim Nash, whose sole support during the last month had been seven runs, took matters into his own capable hands. He threw a 2-0 shutout at the Indians, winning the game himself with a home run. CLEVELAND (3-4) batters scored just two runs and batted .161 in the team's losses as the Indians dropped to third. Three one-run defeats knocked BOSTON (2-4) back from third to fifth. The Red Sox' failure to hit in the clutch cost Jose Santiago his second loss of the season, both were by 1-0 scores. Two streaks still running strong were in WASHINGTON (1-6). The Senators kept on losing (they have dropped 20 of their last 26 games) and Frank Howard continued hitting. With a .444 BA, two homers and five RBIs last week, he maintained big leads in all three hitting categories. CHICAGO (1-6) was shut out three times and during one stretch failed to score for 39⅓ consecutive innings, nine innings short of the major league record.

Standings: Det 24-15, Balt 24-17, Clev 23-18, Minn 22-18, Bos 20-20, Cal 20-22, NY 20-22, Oak 18-22, Chi 16-23, Wash 16-26

NATIONAL LEAGUE

With all 10 teams bunched within five games of first place, the National League was locked in its tightest pennant race since it expanded in 1962. LOS ANGELES (5-2) helped keep it that close by taking three of four from the Cards. The Dodgers' run production (31 for the week) was their highest of the season, and they matched that with strong pitching, particularly by Don Drysdale, who threw his third and fourth consecutive shutouts. Even with the injured Willie McCovey out and Willie Mays and Jim Ray Hart in mild slumps, SAN FRANCISCO (4-3) was able to take advantage of the Cards' losses and move into the lead. Juan Marichal ran his season's record to 7-2 and Mike McCormick pitched a three-hitter, while Ty Cline and Ron Hunt combined to average .340 for the week. Richie [illegible] were [illegible] weather hitting might be [illegible] pitcher's [illegible] last summer. [illegible] pitcher except for Ferguson Jenkins were less than spectacular, but the Cubs hit [illegible] who batted .287 for the week, more than [illegible] anced their out as their team moved up to fifth. HOUSTON (3-3) finally won one for Dave Giusti who had allowed just nine hits and two earned runs in his last three starts while losing two of them. His win came on a 1-0 victory over the Reds. Rookie Jerry Koosman, who pitched a pair of five-hitters, matched Marichal's league-leading win total of seven as NEW YORK (3-3) wound up its most successful first quarter of a season ever. Willie Stargell's heavy hitting (.478 BA for the week with four homers and 11 RBIs) and strong relief work by four pitchers (allowing only one run in 15⅓ innings in the wins) were just enough to lift disappointing PITTSBURGH (3-2) out of the cellar. ATLANTA'S (3-4) rookie Ron Reed, who has yet to lose, helped keep his team in the thick of the battle for first place with his sixth straight low-run victory. CINCINNATI (1-4) used 25 pitchers in its games but still could not find a stopper as the staff allowed 32 runs. The worst offender was Milt Pappas, who has not pitched a complete game this season and was demoted to the bullpen. ST. LOUIS (2-5) had strong pitching in five of its games, but that could not prevent the Cards' fall to second place as the hitters were shut out twice and scored only 14 runs.

Standings: SF 24-19, StL 22-19, Atl 23-20, Phil 20-18, Chi 22-21, LA 22-22, Cin 19-21, Pitt 18-20, NY 18-23, Hou 18-23

HIGHLIGHT

When Los Angeles Manager Walt Alston made a last-minute decision to start Bob Bailey instead of Ken Boyer at third base Tuesday, he walked over and personally told Cardinals Manager Red Schoendienst about the change. Schoendienst has been wishing ever since that Alston had not bothered to make the trip. Bailey, a former Pirate $175,000 bonus player from Long Beach, Calif., promptly went on a hitting streak that drove St. Louis out of the league lead. In his Tuesday start he collected three hits including a homer and drove in five runs as the Dodgers defeated the Cards 9-2. Two nights later his single with two out in the 11th inning gave Los Angeles another win and dropped St. Louis to second place. And in Houston the next night Bailey clouted a 450' three-run home run in the 10th to win the game. In all, the 6', 175-pound infielder batted .417 for the week, with 10 RBIs. A streak like that would be a morale booster for anyone, but for Bailey, who hit just .227 in 1967, it was a lifesaver. "Until now I have been terribly disappointed with myself and I'm sure the Dodgers have been, too," he said. Alston had his own viewpoint. "Bailey's story is simple," he said. "Last year he was too cautious and wasn't swinging at pitches on the corners. Bob's a strong hitter and when he swings he's valuable, but when he takes a pitch over the plate he doesn't help us at all." Proving his manager's point, Bailey made both of his game-winning hits on first pitches, and in one Dodger loss, when he singled twice and figured in both of his team's runs, Bailey knocked out his hits on the first and second pitch. "I'm being more aggressive now. I'm attacking the ball again," he said. And how.



L.A.'S BAILEY: A BIG BOOST AT BAT

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOWLING JIM STEFANICH of Joliet, Ill. beat Billy Hardwick of Louisville 208 211 226–225 246 180 233 216 to win the PBA $65,000 All-Star championship in Garden City, N.Y. Overall, Stefanich had a three-day average of 222 and led Hardwick in total points 12,401 to 12,104. The victory earned $15,000 for Stefanich, who is the top money-winner this year with $49,950. DOTTY FOTHERGILL of North Attleboro, Mass. won the women's title (worth $5,000) and became the first lefthander—male or female—ever to finish first in the tournament. She had a 211 average and was an easy winner over Doris Coburn of Buffalo in total points 9,000 to 8,187.

BOXING The world light heavyweight title was won by BOB FOSTER of Washington, when he knocked out Dick Tiger of Biafra at 2:05 of the fourth round at Madison Square Garden (*page 52*).

Former Heavyweight Champion SONNY LISTON, who at 222 pounds outweighed his opponent by 32½ pounds, plodded his way to a sluggish, albeit not slugging, win over Billy Joiner in a bout stopped after the seventh round in Los Angeles.

GOLF ROB LUNN of Sacramento finished with a 72-hole total of 268 and a one-stroke win over Mimmy Kaser at the $100,000 Memphis Open.

HARNESS RACING ROMULUS HANOVER won the 1¼ mile $100,000 Empire Pace at Yonkers—a nonbetting race—by three-quarters of a length over Nardin's Byrd.

Twelve-year-old CARDIGAN RAY ($10.60) won the $25,000 Adios Butler Cup at Roosevelt Raceway by a head over True Duane in 1:59.8, the *fastest mile of the year at a New York track*. Cardigan Bay's victory, the 68th of his career, was worth $12,500 and increased his record lifetime earnings to $973,071.

HORSE RACING The $55,800 Carter Handicap was won by IN REALITY ($6.40), who finished 1½ lengths in front of Tumiga at the opening of the completely rebuilt Belmont Park (*page 31*).

Five days later at Belmont, the $60,100 Acorn Stakes was taken by DARK MIRAGE ($4.60), who crossed the finish line six lengths ahead of Another Nell, tying the track record of 1:34⅘ for the mile set in 1942 by Count Fleet.

LACROSSE ARMY became the first team ever to beat the Mount Washington Lacrosse Club (club champions five of the past seven seasons) three years in a row, winning this time by a score of 10-7.

MOTOR SPORTS—Eleven of 16 starters had to drop out of the grueling Grand Prix of Monaco in Monte Carlo, but GRAHAM HILL of Great Britain took his Lotus into the lead on the third lap and held it the rest of the way. Hill, who won with a record average speed of 77.7 mph, finished 2.2 seconds ahead of Richard Attwood, another Briton, who drove a B.R.M. The victory left Hill far in front in the standings for the world driving championship. He now has 24 points, 14 more than Denis Hulme of New Zealand, who was fifth at Monte Carlo, where the course was shortened from its usual 195 miles to 160 miles in a vain attempt to cut down on the number of dropouts.

BUDDY BAKER of Charlotte, N.C. finished first in the World 600-mile stock-car race that was cut down to the World 381½ by heavy rains in Charlotte. Twenty drivers averaged 153.895 mph in the qualifications, but Baker, driving a Dodge, won with an average speed of 104.207 as 114 of the 255 laps were run under caution flags. Second was Donnie Allison of Hueytown, Ala.

ROWING The Vesper Boat Club was upset by both the varsity and junior varsity crews from PENNSYLVANIA on the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia. Pennsylvania's varsity, which has lost only to Harvard this year, finished two-tenths of a second ahead of the jayvees, who, in turn, finished nearly three seconds in front of Vesper.

SOCCER NASL: Goalie Mirko Stojanovic came up with his sixth shutout as OAKLAND beat Houston 3–0 and moved to within two points of idle SAN DIEGO in the Western Conference's Pacific Division. VANCOUVER had a win, a loss and a tie, the victory being a 1–0 decision over last-place LOS ANGELES. That loss was the first of the season for the Wolves, and the goal was the first allowed by Goalie Malcolm White after 231 consecutive scoreless minutes. Eric Barber's two goals gave KANSAS CITY a 2-2 tie with Vancouver as the Spurs increased their lead to four points over the Gulf Division. HOUSTON, which had lost each twice during the first seven weeks of the season, dropped three games in six days. ST. LOUIS was not scheduled, and winless DALLAS lost for the ninth time. A 2-1 win over Houston left NEW YORK just four points behind first-place ATLANTA, which did not play, in the Atlantic Division of the Eastern Conference. Third-place WASHINGTON defeated Vancouver 3–2. BALTIMORE and BOSTON both played Cleveland, the Bays winning 2-1 for their fourth win in a row and the Beacons losing 4–1. That 4–1 win temporarily moved CLEVELAND into a tie for the Lakes Division lead with CHICAGO. By the end of the week, though, the Mustangs, who tied Toronto and beat Houston, were back on top by seven points. DETROIT with Roy Cheetham setting a league record by scoring on three penalty kicks, drubbed Dallas 6-0. The Cougars then lost 3-2 to last-place TORONTO on a 45-yard free kick.

TENNIS The U.S. defeated Mexico 5-0 to win the North American Zone Davis Cup series in Berkeley, Calif. Ileal ARTHUR ASHE and CLARK GRAEBNER took the opening singles matches, Ashe taking care of Rafael Osuna 6-0, 6-3, 6-0 and Graebner beating Joaquin Loyo-Mayo 6-3, 8-6, 4-6, 6-4. Two USC students, STAN SMITH and BOB LUTZ, then won the doubles match from Osuna and Vicente Zarazua 4-6, 8-3, 9-7, 10-8.

The Federation Cup was won by AUSTRALIA for the third time in six years as MRS. MARGARET SMITH COURT and KERRY MELVILLE defeated a surprising Dutch team in Paris. Mrs. Court beat Astrid Suurbeek 6-1, 6-3 and Miss Melville barely held off Marijke Jansen 4-6, 7-5, 6-3 but had to save four match points to do so. The Aussie women took the doubles 6-3, 6-8, 7-5 from Miss Suurbeek and Tidy Venneboer. A day earlier the Dutch girls had stunned the U.S. team, which was trying to win the cup for the third year in a row.

TRACK & FIELD—With DAVE PATRICK (*page 26*) running the anchor leg, Villanova easily won the two-mile relay in 7:17.7 at the California Relays in Modesto, Calif. JAY SILVESTER of Smithfield, Utah set a world discus record with a toss of 218' 4", surpassing the mark of 213' 11½" set in 1965 by Ludvik Danek of Czechoslovakia. An American record was established in the 5,000-meter run by GERRY LINDGREN of Washington State, who finished in 13:18.8, two seconds faster than Australian Ron Clarke. The former mark of 13:38 had been set in 1964 by Bob Schul.

WEIGHT LIFTING Heavyweight LEONID ZHABOTINSKY of Russia, the world champion and 1964 Olympic gold medalist, bettered his own world record for the jerk, lifting 485 pounds in Lutgansk.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: As head basketball coach at Syracuse, ROY DANFORTH, 32, who coached the freshman team the past four years.

SELECTED: As the nickname for the new Milwaukee franchise in the NBA, the BUCKS—alluding to male deer, not money.

SOLD: By SONNY WERBLIN, 58, his 23.4% interest in the New York Jets to the other four members of the syndicate with whom he bought the then-bankrupt Titans in 1963. Werblin, whose share originally had cost him an estimated $200,000, sold out for $1,638,000 to DONALD C. LILLIS, 66, who succeeds him as president. TOWNSEND B. MARTIN, LEON HESS and PHILIP H. ISELIN.

TRADED: By the Chicago Black Hawks, PIERRE PILOTE, 38, a five-time first-team all-star and three-time recipient of the Norris Trophy for being the NHL's best defenseman, to the Toronto Maple Leafs for Right Winger JIM PAPPIN, 28.

TRANSFERRED: To MIAMI BEACH, the former Minnesota Muskies of the ABA, who averaged only 2,400 fans for home games and reportedly lost $500,000.

RETIRED: After 40 years as head coach of the Chicago Bears, GEORGE HALAS, 73, whose teams won a record total of 321 games, seven world championships and 11 Western Conference titles. His Bears had perfect seasons in 1934, when they were 13-0, and in 1942, when they were 11-0. Said Halas, who is hampered by an arthritic condition in his hip: "I can no longer keep up with the physical demands of coaching. He will, however, retain ownership of the Bears, which he organized in 1920 as the Decatur Staleys.

DIED: JOHN M. SHIPPEN, 151, May 20), one time golf professional at the Maidstone Club on Long Island, in Newark, N.J., at the age of 90.

CREDITS

4—Gerry Cranham; 22, 23—Richard Raphael, Los Angeles Times, Herb Scharfman, AP, Fred Kaplan, Block Star, Lee Balterman, Russ Hallord, Tony Triolo (12); 25—Curt Gunther-Camera Vi; 51—AP, Lenman House; 52—UPI, 56, 57—Bruce Rogers, 77—Herb Schaifman.

FACES IN THE CROWD



CAROL BURKLAND, 11, of La Mirada, Calif., won 27 of her first 28 races this year and set two AAU track marks for her age group by running the 220-yard dash in 27.8 (lowering the record by 0.3) and by finishing the 440 in 63.8 (0.7 better than the old mark).



HARVEY GILLESPIE got his 300th win as baseball coach at Moravian (Pa.) College when his team defeated Franklin & Marshall 6-3. During his 29 years as coach, Gillespie's teams have lost 143 games, played five ties and have never had a losing season.



SCOTT FERGUSON, 10, of Chattanooga, won five events at the Model City Swim Meet in Kingsport, Tenn., setting four Southeastern AAU records in the process—one each in the 50-meter freestyle, butterfly and backstroke, the fourth in the 100-meter individual medley.



DENISE CARTER, a high school senior from Los Altos, Calif., had to come from behind in order to win the California State women's singles tennis championship, losing the opening set to Kristy Pigeon of Danville 4–6 and then taking the next two by scores of 10-8, 6-1.



DAVID MACKAY, a Dallas investment broker who has been sailing for only three years, piloted *Tattletale* to victory over 28 opponents as he finished first in the lightning class at the Holiday in Dixie Regatta on Cross Lake at the Shreveport (La.) Yacht Club.



LUCILLE FERGUSON of Salt Lake City, who missed winning the state's top bowling event (the Bowling Proprietors' Association of America) two years in a row when she got splits in the very last frame, this time rolled a strike in the final frame and won the title.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SEDENTARY ATHLETES

Sirs

Although I enjoyed Professor McCormick's sprightly article (*Score One for Today's Students*, May 20), I take vigorous exception to several of his assertions

I cannot agree that sports have only lately become popular with what he calls student and graduate intellectuals I believe he confuses interest in sports with objections to exploited big-time varsity competition I believe big-time varsity programs were, are and always will be condemned by some intellectuals who consider them to be incompatible with a college's mission Furthermore, I believe that another group not classifiable as intellectuals has been traditionally critical of certain aspects of big-time sports, namely, the relatively affluent and sophisticated students who look down their patrician noses at culturally inferior scholarship athletes

The professor equates the intellectuals of the '30s with leftists I can't buy that Most true intellectuals were not and are not leftists, and most leftists were not and are not true intellectuals They only *think* they are

The professor's concluding paragraph foresees a realization of the oft-quoted platitudes of famous coaches as to the "benefits of sport" I believe he confuses the evidence Such coaches are usually defending highly emphasized varsity competition This has nothing whatever to do with the present vogue of jogging or individual fitness in general To the great majority of us, big-time sports are no more and no less than entertainment This is a sedentary activity that, indeed, tends to preclude exercise The true athletic enthusiast is interested in personal fitness He endorses *universal* athletic participation

JOHN F HEISZ

Allentown, Pa

RUGGED RUGGERS

Sirs

Congratulations on the fine article on the Old Blues (*Old Blue Slashes 'em Again*, May 20) They are indeed an outstanding Rugby club In fact, last year in that same University of Virginia tournament we were beaten by the Old Blues 6–0

We feel, however, that one small point was left out of the article on April 20 the Old Blues came to the academy for our annual match Perhaps they were looking ahead of our game toward the future and the Commonwealth Cup, but they left West Point that day beaten 9–8 for their only loss this year While our record hardly compares with theirs this season, we feel this victory at least merits mention in your magazine, for it has been quite some time since a college Rugby team has beaten the Old Blues at the game they traditionally dominate on the East Coast

ROBERT M KIMMITT
Army Rugby Football Club

West Point

Sirs

Over the last few years the Old Blue Rugby Football Club has been the winningest side in the East, and probably the best in the country But in that period some observers thought they noted some of the traits your reporter described, *i.e.*, biting an opponent's ear, playing to the edge of the laws and winning at any cost

This sort of attitude is central to nearly all professional and most college and amateur sports in America today, but such an attitude has no place in Rugby Players who clothesline or throw a cross-body block in Rugby are sent off the field for dangerous play, and they are reported to the governing union There is no place in Rugby for doing anything to the laws except play well within them Rugby also stands for the proposition that a match won "at any cost" is a loss for everyone

Old Blue won our Commonwealth Cup for the second straight year, just beating a larger, numerically superior and hungry Virginia team by exhibiting superior experience and real grit It would not be fair to this fine team to characterize its play as vicious or its attitude as anything less than that required by the spirit, as well as the letter, of the laws of the game, for there was none of that in them

EMIT A KRATOVIL JR
Field Captain 1967-68
Virginia Rugby Football Club

Charlottesville, Va

Sirs

We were most pleased with your excellent coverage of the Commonwealth Cup tournament at Virginia We at Williams sincerely hope that in the future you will expand your coverage of the sport We do, however, have one correction to make Old Blue did win the competition *on* the field, but *off* the field they were decided losers By 10 Saturday night the Old Blues were conspicuously absent from the party The party winners, doing somewhat better there than when in uniform, were the Williams ruggers Alas, teams that have a reputation to protect must make some "sacrifices," and Old Blue did, losing one title while admirably retaining another

GATES H HAWN
JOHN R ROWLAND
HARVEY A LEVIN

Williamstown, Mass

OAKLAND REVISITED

Sirs

In the SCORECARD item entitled "No Bargain" in the May 20 issue, SI stated that the Oakland Athletics had issued a policy requiring servicemen to pay full price for tickets to the A's 1968-69 home games This policy was confirmed by Mr Val Binns, the A's public relations director, in a telephone conversation with me on May 3, and it remained in effect through May 7 However, on that date, or the day after, Mr Binns called me, as SI's special correspondent in San Francisco, to tell me that the A's officials had held a meeting and the policy had been revised Servicemen are now admitted to Oakland home games at half the price of any regular ticket on presentation of their military identification cards They need not be in uniform Wounded military men recovering in nearby hospitals are admitted free of charge

ART ROSENBAUM

San Francisco

SONNY'S HIBERNATION

Sirs

I was very pleased to read the article on Sonny Liston (*What's Become of the Big Bear?* May 13) Please convey congratulations to Jack Olsen on an excellent story that gives a great fighter, and maybe one of the greatest, the respect that he deserves

It seems somehow out of place that I feel I should say I'm a white man, but somehow I don't think that matters to Mr Liston What I think does matter is that I have been following his career since the beginning, not only his fights in the ring but his struggle to survive outside of it Although I'm a little far away to see the Big Bear fight again, count on me to be in his corner

And someday let me shake the hand of the man who will give Sonny the job he can do so well working with the kids

ALLAN BEST

American Embassy
Vientiane, Laos

Sirs

I would like to congratulate Jack Olsen This is the first article I've read on Liston that did not make him seem like a buffoon But even though I admire Liston, I don't think he can make a successful comeback for the championship

EDWARD GILLARD

New York City

NOVICES BEWARE

Sirs

Rather than feeling stung and hurt over Hugh Whall's recent article about multihulls

continued



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(*Hev, Ho and Up She Rises*, May 6), multihullers and would-be multihullers alike should really applaud his coverage of the subject, because it contains some important notions. Having been extensively quoted in the article, I believe it permissible for me to emphasize and modify some of the points made.

I must first strongly support Whall's statement that the trouble with multihulls may be not in the craft but, rather, in those who sail them. To my mind the prerequisites for safe multihull sailing include knowledge of the limitations of the individual craft's construction. In attempting to obtain strength with lightness a multihull designer can overshoot on lightness at the expense of strength. Only by testing the craft in the open ocean can one calibrate the proper design criteria. The most important requirement, of course, is responsibility. The story I told about the hand in Honolulu was meant to illustrate the point that it was irresponsible and foolhardy of *me* to assign the mainsheet of my catamaran to the care of a novice.

One other point that neither I nor the Ocean Racing Catamaran Association (ORCA) will let Mr. Whall get away with without comment is the idea that the reputation of multihulls or multihullers hangs on the doings of Eric Tabarly. Like Jim Kilroy, Tabarly is a superb monohuller, as a multihuller he is merely a novice from out of town, which makes him no expert. Rather, it would be better to pin the reputation of multihulls on the exploits of the 44-foot, C S K designed *World Cat* (Jurgen Wagner, skipper), which has just returned to California from a 30,000-mile circumnavigation of the world. Her crew of two broke many passage records, while surviving several truly awesome storms. Also worth mentioning are the thousands of ocean-racing miles safely put away by ORCA's 20-boat fleet during the past 10 years.

A. VICTOR STERN

Seal Beach, Calif.

BIG REDS

Sirs:

Your note on the sensational revival of the supposedly extinct metasequoia in the Pacific Northwest (SCORECARD, May 6) was of interest to conservationists as another striking example of the recuperative power of nature. But you left out a spectacular example of the growth of this fascinating tree. John Ulrich, writing in the Seattle *Argus*, tells of a metasequoia in the Hoyt Arboretum in Portland that reached a height of 42 feet, growing 36½ feet in the last 10 years. And even backyard gardeners report metasequoia growing three to five feet a year without expert care.

FREDRICK CASTLEMAN

Eugene, Ore.

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Lark invented the Carry-On Soft-Pak to take the teeth-grinding, late-making, hurry-up-and-waiting out of flying. It flies *with* you—right under your seat—so you never have to stand around and wait for it while the cabs, busses and helicopters take off for town. And it *can't* go winging through to Boston while you're chewing your nails in New York. Our Carry-On Soft-Pak is no clean-shirt-and-razor make-do, either. It gives you three easy-pack compartments for everything. One for a suit (on a special hang-up frame). One for underwear, pajamas, shaving kit and whatever. One more to keep your shirts and ties neat and fresh. If you'd like to trade airport wait-around time for working time—or just get more fun out of your own time—start traveling with a Carry-On Soft-Pak. Because it's a Carry-*Off* Soft-Pak, too.*



Lark
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*Meets FAA regulations governing size and dimensions of carry-on [illegible]. Has ample overhead storage space of most commercial aircraft.



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Any aerosol "deodorant" can stop odor.
But if you want to check perspiration
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Even if this is all you know about woofers and tweeters, you can still get a great stereo.



You have almost all the stereo-judging equipment you need right on your head. (Your ears.) Armed with your ears, you'll probably end up with a good stereo. Unfortunately, it won't be a great stereo. Because there are certain things your ears can't tell you. (Like what kind of equipment you'll need, etc.)

But now you can get a great stereo, no matter how little you know. With the Sony HP-550 Compact Stereo System.

It has a Garrard turntable. A 13 transistor FM/AM tuner. Dual airtight speakers with 10" woofers and 4" tweeters. (A woofer transmits bass and a tweeter transmits treble.)

It also has a 23 all-silicon transistor amplifier with a full 66 watts of music power for each channel.

Unfortunately, you can't read how good a stereo sounds. So bring your head to your nearest Sony dealer. And let your ears do their stuff.



The Sony HP-550 Compact Stereo System.

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Almost more than you need to know about the Sterling Steel-Frame Tennis Racket:

When a sport as tradition bound as tennis decides to make room for change, there's an information explosion among all involved.

We're involved. The change we're helping to make is in the style of play. Because we've engineered and produced a new style of racket.

And we know that you, too, are (or would like to be) involved. For whether you play on a summer-only basis or on an every-day basis, *you want to know about the latest.*

Right here is almost *more* than you'll need to know about the latest — the Sterling Steel-Frame Tennis Racket — The Lively One.



But before we get to the world of details, let us answer the inevitable opening question. Just saying "steel" stimulates most people to ask, **"How will a steel-frame racket affect my style of play?"**

That depends, of course, on your style of play, on your level of skill.

If you're a serious, long-time player, the Sterling Racket may take some getting used to. Which *is really the great thing about* playing with it.

Maybe the first days with a Sterling Racket will be like the time you switched from an old clunker to a sports car. You discovered a new style and feel of driving. Or maybe your initial shots will be like the time you first tried a steel-shafted golf club, or a glass-fiber fishing rod, or a metal snow ski. There was a new style of play, a new feel, and because you were good enough to try it, you played better for trying.

On the other hand, if you're a neophyte, you won't have any real problems with a Sterling Steel-Frame Racket. You'll be learning on the easiest-to-use, most-forgiving-of-error, least-fatiguing racket there is.

Now, what's our "Lively One" really like? Steel suggests strength. There is, however, an optimum design and use of steel that makes this inherent strength pay off. So we used twin *tubes* of alloy steel to construct the Sterling Racket's frame.

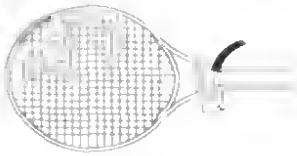
The critical areas in a racket are in the handle and throat. There's where we took our two alloy-steel tubes and *welded* them together.



We further reinforced the throat with a steel tube crosspiece. **Result: our racket has enormous resistance to bending and twisting.** Without sacrificing needed flex.

And, since the throat area in our racket is framed only by these twin tubes, it's an open throat.

There's nothing to get in the way of your swing. In fact, when you swing a Sterling Racket you're putting out a lot less effort. You're cutting down on the fatigue that can crop up in the third or fourth set. When you add to this near-effortless swing the fact that the



steel frame transmits much less of the shock of hitting a ball — well, you're also doing a lot to alleviate (or prevent) that old nemesis, the tennis elbow.

These changes in racket-frame material, design and construction would be enough to make our racket what people are fond of calling "revolutionary." But there's more.

We've redesigned the string-suspension system, too. You see, the way those stringing holes are drilled in the bow of a conventional wood-frame racket is not as unsophisticated as it looks. It does provide for (as much as possible) equal string tensioning. It does permit either gut or nylon strings *to be used.*

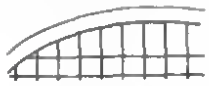
But we wanted to adapt and modify this conventional stringing method. To change it for the better. To make it *unique* to our steel-frame racket. So we used steel



pins. They separate the two steel tubes in the bow area and act like miniature "I-beams."

Our engineered string-suspension makes sense. The strings *on* the Sterling Racket can be positively located. And equally tensioned — with precision. And the strings will stay that way, much longer.

Further, you can use either gut or nylon strings, and your Sterling Racket can be strung by machine (without special adapters) or by hand. As easily as any wood-frame racket. At tensions equal to or greater than a wood-frame racket. The strings are protected from damage, too, since they're inside



the frame. (Sidelight: The smooth frame of the Sterling Racket can't take a divot on a soft court or catch on the threads of your best tennis sweater.)

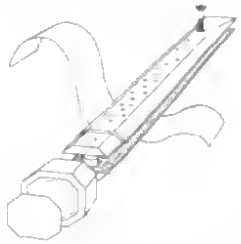
Now, if we had dreamed up a truly *unconventional* way of stringing our racket, using non-integral suspension, and placing the strings at odd angles, we'd have a much less predictable hitting area than we do. **We could have designed a racket with the "trampoline" effect.** A racket, which, if struck in the center, fine. If struck a little off-center, bad news. You'd get erratic, hard-to-control shots.

That's not for us. And not for you. **The Sterling Racket is predictable.** Its lively feel is uniformly



distributed over the entire hitting area. There's no penalty for not hitting a shot dead center. You *control the racket. Not the other* way around. You learn quickly to use the new, lively feel to your advantage.

There's one more area of racket design you might like to add to your store of knowledge. **The Sterling Racket's rugged, solid-feel handle end grip.** Here we used Cycolac® T high-impact plastic. Three pieces of it, in fact. The two pieces that form the handle body are precision-drilled with a number of small holes. That helps to *ventilate* the handle for comfort and to form a virtually permanent bond between the handle and its



leather grip. These two pieces are then *bolted* together. And a separate third piece is then attached to make a seamless butt. To finish off, we wrapped the handle with top-grade calfskin.

Still want to know more? Then note that the Sterling Steel-Frame Tennis Racket comes in an unequalled variety of grip sizes and frame weights. **One size-weight combination will feel just right to you.**

Then too, we give you a good-looking, scuff-resistant zippered cover. That's part of what you pay for. Which is, of course, somewhat more than you'd pay for a top-quality wood racket. Without getting anywhere near the performance, permanence, and perfect balance of a Sterling Racket.

Finally, we guarantee the Sterling Racket for five years of normal use. We'll replace it if any manufacturing defects show up in the frame or handle during that period. And, for a nominal charge, we'll repair a Sterling Racket, no matter *how* long you've had it, if you accidentally damage it or if (heaven forbid) you subject it to abnormal use.

That's our story. If you want to know even more, you'll have to find out for yourself. By playing with a Sterling Racket.

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